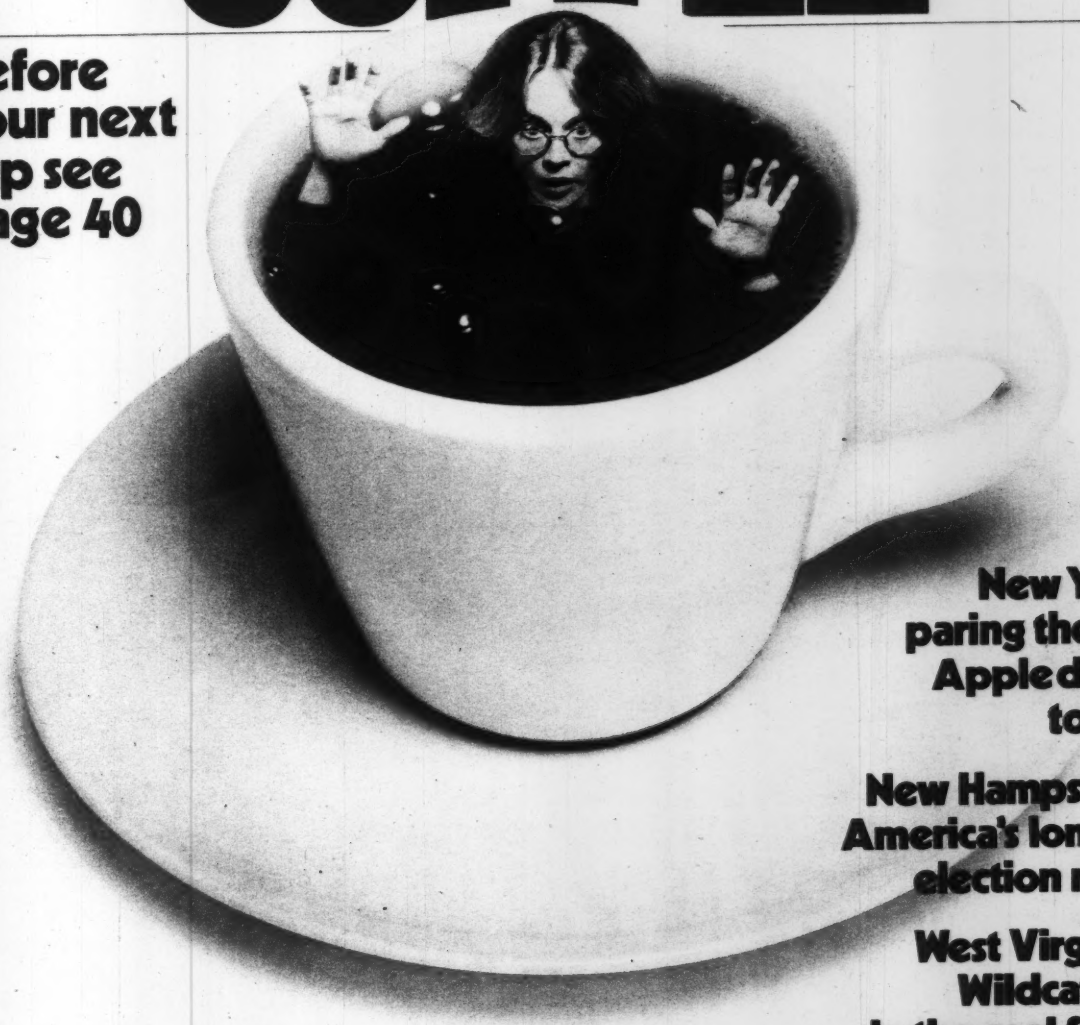
OCTOBER 3, 1975/75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NewTimes

COFFEE

Before your next cup see page 40



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October 3, 1975,
Volume 5, Number 7

NewTimes

TOP OF THE NEWS

Down to the core

The banks, the unions, the politicians, the welfare recipients—they're all fighting for the final scraps of the late and great city of New York

By Robert Sam Anson

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TOP OF THE NEWS

They bombed in New Hampshire

The longest-running show in American politics closed down last week, but not before Ford and Reagan had made cameo appearances

By Andrew Schneider

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TOP OF THE NEWS

Sticking to the union

Last month in Appalachia, Skip Delano and his wildcat coal miners tested the limits of "the right to strike"—and found there were some

By Wayne Slater

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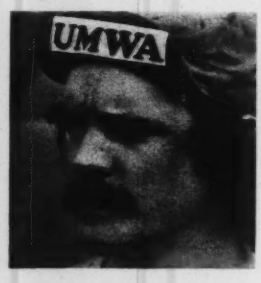

TOP OF THE NEWS

Coffee is. . .

. . .as addictive as cocaine/good for your chess game/the fourth-largest commodity in world trade.

By Sonny Kleinfield

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THE ARTS

The ballad of John Henry

On October 2, CBS will present the story of entertainer John Henry Faulk's victory over the blacklisters who'd kept him off the air for six years. What the show won't say is that the networks themselves have continued to blacklist Faulk ever since

By Harry Stein

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COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

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Pocket CB

An exciting new era dawns with man's first pocket-sized communications link with the outside world.

The Dick Tracy wrist watch may no longer be a dream! American technology has produced the world's first pocket transceiver—the PocketCom, a new personal communications system that fits in your pocket and becomes your new link with the outside world.

MANY BUSINESS USES

Imagine the possibilities! An executive can now talk with anybody at his office, his factory or job site. The housewife can locate her children at a busy shopping center. The doctor can keep in close contact with his office. The salesman, the construction foreman, the traveler, the sportsman, the hobbyist—everybody can communicate with the PocketCom.

Use your unit as a personal paging system, an intercom, a telephone or even a security device. On the road, use the PocketCom as an emergency communications system, to get directions, or simply to talk to truckers and other citizens band enthusiasts.

FIVE MILE RANGE

A new breakthrough in the development of the integrated circuit—the same solid-state device that brought us the pocket calculator—made the PocketCom possible. It has a range of up to five miles between units, although it can receive signals as far as 25 miles from stronger base stations. And no FCC license is required to operate it.

Note: The range depends on the type and number of metal or reinforced concrete obstructions between units. The distances quoted above are optimum line-of-sight conditions on a clear channel.

AMAZINGLY SIMPLE OPERATION

Turn it on and select either one of the unit's two crystal-controlled channels. Then press a red button to transmit, and release it to listen. Channel 14 is installed in each unit and all units are tuned to this same frequency. To use the second channel, plug in any one of 22 matched optional crystals and slide the channel selector switch to position 2. Each crystal set has a high frequency stability of less than 0.005% assuring you of undistorted reception. The crystal costs $3.95, and each channel requires two crystals per unit. The second set of crystals can only be ordered after receipt of your unit.

BEEP-TONE PAGING SYSTEM

Each unit comes complete with a beep-tone paging system. Simply keep your unit in its standby mode. The person calling you presses the PocketCom's call button on his unit and a beep-tone will sound on your unit. Then take it out of your pocket and talk. And you can carry your unit silently in the standby mode for weeks without draining the batteries.

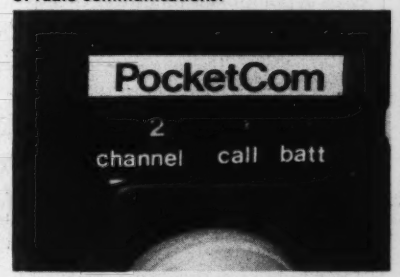
MULTIPLEX INTERCOM

The PocketCom was also designed as a multiplex intercom. Each unit has one common channel (Channel 14). The second channel can be divided into separate receiving and transmitting channels. Up to 22 separate stations can be individually paged on the receiving channel.

Each person at any of the 22 stations can talk back **in relative privacy** using a different yet common transmitting channel since only the base station will receive the signal. In short, using a multi-channel citizens band base station and the PocketCom's multiplex intercom capability, you have the most inexpensive and advanced personal communications system in the world.

Note: Detailed instructions on the crystals and multiple channel usage are included with each unit.

The PocketCom replaces several pounds of electronic components, and it replaces systems twenty times its size—yet the PocketCom is a dramatically more efficient system of radio communications.



The PocketCom incorporates a paging system circuit that beeps you when you're being called but also lets you talk with your party. It's like having your own portable telephone.

Here are just some of the advanced features of the PocketCom made possible by this new electronic breakthrough: **1)** Incoming signals are amplified several million times compared to only 100,000 times on comparable conventional systems. **2)** Even with a 60 decibel difference in signal strength, the unit's automatic gain control will bring up each incoming signal to a maximum uniform level. **3)** A high squelch sensitivity (0.7 microvolts) permits noiseless operation without squelching weak signals. **4)** Harmonic distortion is so low that it far exceeds EIA (Electronic Industries Association) standards whereas most comparable systems don't even meet EIA specifications. **5)** The receiver has better than one microvolt sensitivity.

A MAJOR ELECTRONIC BREAKTHROUGH

The PocketCom with its electronic circuitry represents the most important major breakthrough in communications since the advent of the transistor. Its quality and features compare with systems that cost several hundred dollars, yet no unit can compare with its size and convenience.

EXTRA LONG BATTERY LIFE

The PocketCom comes complete with standard batteries and a light-emitting diode low-battery indicator that tells you when your batteries require replacement. The integrated circuit requires such low power that the batteries, with average use, will last weeks without running down.

The PocketCom is manufactured exclusively for JS&A by MEGA—the nation's first company to perfect the linear integrated transceiver circuit. JS&A is America's largest single source of electronic calculators, digital watches, and other space-age products—further assurance that your modest investment is well protected.

The PocketCom measures approximately ¾" x 1½" x 5¼" and easily fits into your shirt pocket. The unit can be used as a paging system, intercom or pocket-sized communications link for business or pleasure.

The PocketCom should give you years of trouble-free service. But, should service ever be required, simply slip your 5 ounce PocketCom into its handy mailer and send it to JS&A's prompt service-by-mail center. It's just that easy.

GIVE IT A REAL WORKOUT

The PocketCom may at first sound too good to be true. That is why we offer a ten day free trial period. We recommend that you purchase just two units on a trial basis. Then really test them! Test the range, the battery life, the sensitivity, the convenience. Test them under your everyday conditions and compare the PocketCom with larger units that sell for several hundred dollars.

After you are absolutely convinced that the PocketCom is the major breakthrough that we claim it is, order your additional units, crystals or accessories on a priority basis as one of our established customers. If, however, it doesn't meet every one of the claims we make or it doesn't suit your particular requirements perfectly—fine! Return your units within ten days for a prompt and courteous refund. You can't lose!

Every PocketCom comes complete with batteries, high performance Channel 14 crystals for one channel, complete instructions, and a 90 day parts and labor warranty. To order by mail, simply mail your check for $39.95 per unit (or $79.90 for two) plus $2.50 per order for postage, insurance and handling to the address shown below. (Illinois residents add 5% sales tax). Credit card buyers may call our toll-free number below.

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Letters

Point-blank

I just finished reading the story of the persecution of Scott Camil and congratulate Al Robbins on a fine job of investigative reporting ("Playing for keeps," September 5). But where in the world did you get the idea that a Llama .380 is similar to a .357 Magnum? If Scott had been shot in the back at point-blank range with a .357, he would have died on the spot.

Michael Benedict
Cheverly, Maryland

Editor's Note: We regret the error. The Magnum is much more powerful, with a muzzle energy of 740 ft.-lbs. as compared to the Llama's 190 ft.-lbs.

Balderdash

I was surprised to hear about the Marines who "discovered that dowsing had become an invaluable aid for their combat troops" ("Water witching," August 22). While stationed in Vietnam, several of us tested the rods in the field. While our research lacked the elegance of experimental design, we were soon able to conclude that the idea of locating hidden objects by dowsing was utter balderdash. With some ingenuity, however, we were eventually able to convert the rods into passable coat hangers.

Dennis N. T. Perkins
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Return to sender

As a Postal Service employee, I think your readers should know of some additional facts about unstamped mail described in the August 22 Insider. If the sender does not put a return address on the letter, it goes to the nearest dead letter office, where it is opened to try and find out who the sender is. If there is anything inside to indicate who sent the letter, it is sent back in another envelope . . . and the sender is charged 10 cents just so he can get back the letter to put on the postage which he should have put on in the first place. And if the letter can't be returned, it ends up where all other dead mail ends—the garbage.

David Johnson
Arlington Heights, Illinois

Vietnam resettlement

The reference made by Michael Drosnin to the refugee resettlement program in Vietnam in his article, "A rogues' gallery of refugees" (May 30), was outrageous. I strongly reject his groundless and gratuitous calumnies that the resettlement was repressive and that I took resettlement funds. I strongly affirm that the resettlement was entirely voluntary, that I did not take even a penny from the resettlement funds and that thanks to my absolute honesty the resettlement program got the strong support of the Vietnamese people, of many nations and of U.N. agencies.

Phan Quang Dan
San Clemente, California

Michael Drosnin replies: My characterization of Dr. Dan's refugee resettlement program was based on information from several Vietnamese sources with direct knowledge of the operation, and is further corroborated by U.S. Senate investigators. Jerry M. Tinker, a staff aide to Sen. Kennedy's refugee subcommittee, stated after a 1973 tour of South Vietnamese resettlement camps that "it is apparent that Dr. Dan is putting pressure on the refugees" and added that they were "being used as pawns in the political struggle." In fact, Dr. Dan's cynical use of war victims continued right up to the evacuation, when, at the urging of U.S. Ambassador Martin, he helped arrange the airlift of bogus "orphans," hoping, as he stated in an April 2, 1975, letter, "to sway public opinion in the United States."

Polly girl

Please tell Mr. Jeanes that Paul Newman won't be responsible for a new St. Pauli Girl (pronounced Polly Girl, leave out the St.) cult (Final Tribute, September 5). I've been talking about it ever since my first one in May 1967. It was served to me at the White Horse in St. Georges's, Bermuda. And the fact that this first bottle was drunk during our honeymoon has nothing to do with the fact of my fond remembrances.

Barbara K. Halligan
Annapolis, Maryland

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Remember nostalgia?

Slow Down

By James S. Kunen

Remember "nostalgia"?

Remember those good ol' days when *No! No! Nanette!* first hit Broadway and *The Waltons* conquered television? Those were the days when "old" was new and nostalgia was "where it's at," as we used to say.

It occurred to me recently that I hadn't seen a story on nostalgia in eons—six months, at least—and I wondered: Is nostalgia a thing of the past? Who should know better than a nostalgic hero? I thought. So I sought out Clarabel, the mute, horn-honking clown who squirted Buffalo Bob with seltzer on *The Howdy Doody Show* from 1947 to 1960.

From 1953, when the first 3-D feature film, *Bwana Devil,* was packing them in, through 1954, when Fess Parker sent the price of coonskins soaring to $8 a pound, Clarabel was played by one Bob Nicholson, who'd known Buffalo Bob Smith since they were both kids in . . . Buffalo. (Nicholson got the job when Clarabel #1, Bobby Keeshan, tried to hold out for too much money. Keeshan went on to become "Captain Kangaroo.")

Nicholson, now an independent TV producer, welcomed me into his suburban New York office and poured a noontime Scotch for each of us. It took only a slight leap of the imagination to see the roundish, middle-aged man in bright blue slacks and grey sport shirt as Clarabel. Must have been his laughing eyes.

"The show went off because it got too old," he explained. He stayed with it in various capacities (such as music director and the voice of Doodyville's mayor, Phineas T. Bluster) until the end, in 1960. "The ratings were still good, but the sponsors wanted something *new*. . . ." Nicholson pronounced the word with distaste.

He and his partner, *Howdy Doody* producer Bob Muir, came up with something new in 1963: *The Newlywed Game,* on which young marrieds seemingly competed to make the most embarrassing scatological revelations. But *The Newlywed Game* was just like *Howdy Doody* in one respect: It was the right show at the right time, and a smash. So, if anyone is on top of television and American culture—and aren't they the same thing?—it's Nicholson.

Is nostalgia on the wane? I asked him.

"No, it's stronger than ever," he said. "Bob Smith and Lou Anderson [the final Clarabel] get more requests for appearances than they can handle. They get $2 or $3 a head from two or three thousand kids at campus dates. Bob shows kinescopes of the old shows; the college kids stomp and scream. They especially love Mr. Tooth Decay and Happy Tooth in the ads."

Buffalo Bob and Clarabel also do appearances at shopping plazas around the country before audiences of young parents with their children. Buffalo Bob starts out by asking, "Hey kids, what time is it?" And all the parents shout, "It's Howdy Doody time!"

According to Clarabel, then, if nostalgia has disappeared, it's only because it has engulfed us entirely. There is nowhere to stand to get a look at it.

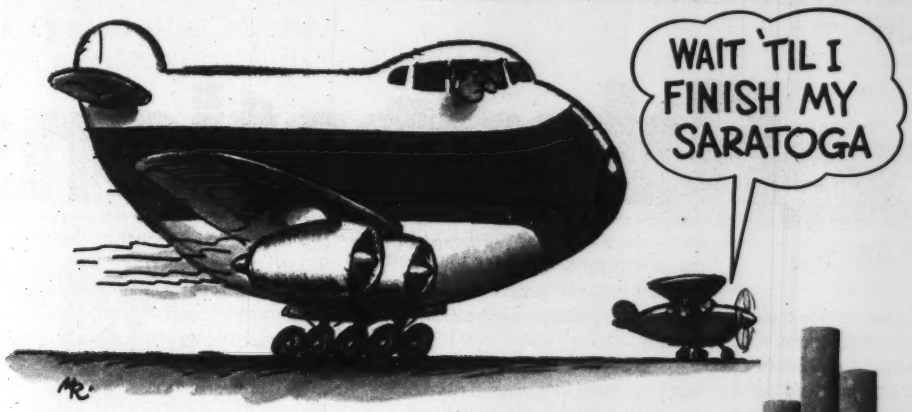
Headache. Neuritis. Nostalgia. Count on TV to offer a cure for every ailment, an ailment for every cure. It inundates us with so many "experiences" so fast that we need "nostalgia" as a sort of instant replay to catch us up. But "nostalgia" originally meant "severe homesickness." Why are we so homesick for the past? Because we don't like the present. Who would? For that matter, if we *did,* it would be inadvisable to get attached to it, since it will be changed tomorrow. We would only get our minds battered and our hearts broken.

We aren't attached to the present. What about the future? Please, not to mention it.

That leaves the *past*: home, sweet home. Of course, as with anybody's home, it's best not to examine too closely what went on there. The past that is the object of our affections is, often as not, the media's past—a repackaging of the experience that was packaged for us. What we dote over now are pictures of pictures of our past, two steps away and lacking resolution. Things look good that way.

Some things actually *were* good. *Howdy Doody* could stand very well on its own today, were it re-released, without any repackaging. Unfortunately, NBC recorded over, and thus erased, all the tapes of the show. So Clarabel Nicholson and Buffalo Bob Smith have found backers and will be producing in the next couple of months a 90-minute special called *The New Howdy Doody Show,* which will be just like the original except for the addition of Country & Western music and the subtraction of the regrettably stereotyped Chief Thunderthud. If the special is well-received, a new series might follow.

It could be an idea whose Howdy Doody Time has come. ●



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Busin' Fussin'

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

It has been 21 years since the Supreme Court of the United States ruled that the doctrine of "separate but equal" tax-supported schools was no more than a fraudulent subterfuge. What followed in many American places was ugly, dangerous and, in some cases, fatal. Our children grew up watching riots and bombings; federal marshals and national guardsmen marched across their TV screens and made camp in their young minds. There were economic boycotts, social intimidations, feuds between old friends or among relatives.

Many whites fled to the suburbs so as to avoid sending Junior to school with little pickaninnies. They thought they had it made. Then came court orders to bus pupils—once again, to attain that elusive "equality of educational opportunity" the big court originally ordered. And, once again, most notably in Boston and Louisville, we see violent mobs, hysteria, the troops being called out. Old bugaboos die harder than nine-lived cats: People are still afraid the black will rub off.

Yet parents—white or black—who oppose busing have reasons other than pure racism. It is only natural they should worry over sending their impressionable children into alien environments where the cultural habits may be strange, where they will feel marked or different, where they may encounter group as well as individual hostilities. White parents are disturbed because they know that the neglected inner-city schools to which their children are bused may provide inferior facilities and opportunities; black parents may worry whether their children are equal to the tougher standards and challenges of more advantaged suburban schools. Whites may fret over sending their offspring into scabby neighborhoods with high crime rates; blacks may recall that in the matter of violence between the two races, *they* have been the victims a thousand times over. Each may be concerned about the hardships of travel, longer school days or alienations from natural neighborhood ties. These problems are as real as rain.

Yet we are dealing, at bottom, with fears and fantasies of pure old racism—*white* racism. While some blacks object to busing, I have seen no screaming mobs of them, no mass rallies, no threats of violence. The emotional excesses are the properties of whites alone. What ingredient or powerful chemical sloshes exclusively in whites, causing the dangerous difference? It is a thing we honkies should think about. Check the record.

A Boston anti-busing demonstrator.

It has been the *white* political demagogue (Louise Day Hicks in Boston as the most recent example) who has issued strident cries against orderly and lawful procedures. Strangely, it is these agitators who otherwise bray loudest for "law 'n order." Why does their respect for the law vaporize so quickly when skin pigmentation is involved?

I don't want to hear any more bilge about "preserving the integrity of neighborhood schools." Why didn't we hear about it in bygone years when black students *only* were bused so as to keep many schools lily-white? Roger Wilkins, former assistant attorney general, and now on the editorial board of the *New York Times*, has written: "I was bused—without an apparent second thought—as a five-year-old kindergartner, across town to a black elementary school." He was but one of thousands upon thousands. Nobody gave a damn then.

Anti-busing sources fume against "sociological experiments" using children as guinea pigs, or rail against busing being used to attain an impossible racial balance. These arguments conveniently ignore court rulings making it clear that *busing is conducted to provide one unfairly neglected segment of the population a fair shot at educational opportunities.* This is the issue as repeatedly stated by the courts.

As business, industry and upwardly mobile white families have deserted the inner cities, tax bases have eroded. There is less city money to spend; city schools have been allowed to rot. Equipment is inferior. The best teachers don't want to work in such terrible conditions. Academic standards have suffered. Suburban schools, with broader tax bases drawn from more prosperous taxpayers, appear as comparative palaces.

Busing may not be the ideal answer. Hardships *will* be worked on many individuals. Perhaps the goal the courts seek won't be fully achieved even when busing is peaceably accomplished: Fairness is not easily obtained; a perfect justice is impossible in all individual cases. Your child may suffer strange experiences because you didn't or your father didn't. Those who howl in the streets, however—no matter how much they fear the unknown—are merely making a bad situation worse. Adult rioting only leads to black-white frictions among students. Leave 'em alone, and hope that the racist fears we've planted in our kids will be dissipated by their new—if uneasy—associations. Busing may be the most unpopular law since Prohibition, but understand that it is here to stay. The law *will* have its way because the law *must.* ●

The rising toll at Ma Bell
What were Sixties' kids really like?

The Insider

EDITED BY TONY SCHWARTZ

Power Politics

For whom the Bell tolls

It has been a year since Southwestern Bell executive T.O. Gravitt wrote in a suicide note that "Watergate is a gnat compared to the Bell system." Since that time, evidence has quietly accumulated and today the Texas executive's claims seem prophetic. Reports of corruption and conflict of interest have surfaced in at least a half-dozen states. Investigations are under way by the Securities and Exchange Commission, federal grand juries and various state investigative agencies. According to sources close to some of the probes, indictments are possible as early as this fall.

Among revelations to date:

●Gravitt himself described a Southwestern Bell political slush fund used to buy favor with Texas politicians, as well as the routine practice of juggling books to justify rate increases far in excess of what was really needed. Gravitt's claims have since been buttressed by James Ashley, Southwestern Bell's chief rate negotiator, and several other company officials and former officials.

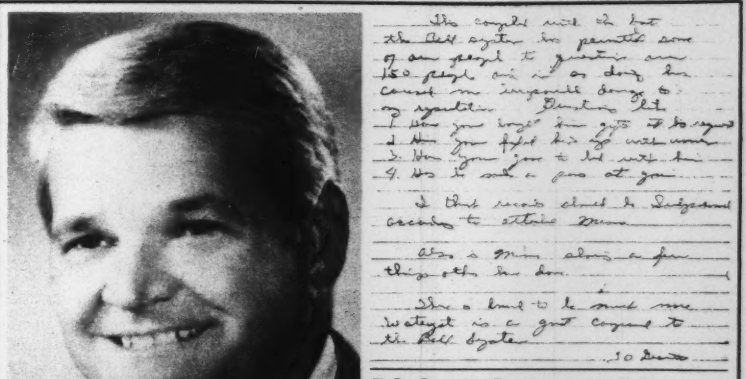
●In January, Gravitt's North Carolina counterpart, John J. Ryan, confessed to reporters from the *Charlotte Observer* that he, too, had operated a political slush fund. "It's sort of like jaywalking," Ryan explained. "You knew it was wrong but it became a way of life." The company later admitted that Ryan and others had falsified expense vouchers as a means of feeding the slush fund. Bell officials put the amount at $40,000 and said the practices had occurred in flagrant violation of company policy. Auditors later put the voucher fraud at three times that amount.

●In Georgia, 11 days after Southern Bell acknowledged the falsified vouchers in North Carolina, four state telephone executives said falsified vouchers and slush funds had become a way of life there, too. The men—two of whom were still working for the company—said they didn't know what became of the voucher money.

●In Kentucky, South Central Bell's former general sales manager was sentenced to a year in prison last June for failing to report income from falsified expense vouchers. Richard O'Connell said he had falsified them on orders from superiors and claimed the money went to a secret company fund. He declined to elaborate on the purposes of the fund but ominously referred to a "tie-in" with the slush funds in Texas and North Carolina. Another Kentucky official, James Gallagher, said 12 executives had contributed to the fund.

●In South Carolina, Southern Bell officials acknowledged that shortly before asking for rate increases in 1971 and 1973, the company had treated state Public Service commissioners and their wives to all-expenses-paid "seminars" at the posh Sea Pines Plantation resort on Hilton Head Island. The four-day excursions included only one day of formal business sessions, according to lobbyist H. L. Lackey.

●In Alabama this July, a senior vice-president for South Central Bell, Charles Price, was charged with trying to bribe the president of the Alabama Public Service Commission. At the time the charges were filed by the Alabama attorney general, the commission was beginning hearings on a $59 million rate hike request submitted by South Central Bell.



T.O. Gravitt, Southwestern Bell Telephone Co. executive, and excerpts from the suicide note he left behind. The last line reads, "There is bound to be much more. Watergate is a gnat compared to the Bell System."

As the events continue to unravel, AT&T officials insist that the widespread incidents of corruption are not a product of overall company policy but rather of the overzealousness of underlings in the specific states. Sound familiar?

Abortion again

Despite the fact that most members of Congress would prefer to leave abortion alone now that the Supreme Court has ruled it a constitutional right, the issue lives on. Abortion's principal congressional opponent these days is Peter Rodino (D-N.J.), the Roman Catholic chairman of the House Judiciary Committee.

So much would members of Congress prefer to duck the abortion issue that Rodino recently had to use all his clout as chairman to get his panel's Civil Rights Subcommittee to

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HOME: Turkey Creek, Colorado

AGE: 24

PROFESSION: Concert violinist

HOBBIES: Scuba diving, horseback riding, jogging, skiing.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Melville's 'Moby Dick'

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take it up. According to an informed source, Rodino put the heat on his longtime friend and liberal ally, Rep. Don Edwards (D-Calif.), the subcommittee chairman and a strong supporter of legalized abortion. Although Rodino now denies it, he reportedly threatened to strip Edwards of the Civil Rights chairmanship unless he took up the issue. Edwards will not comment.

Rodino's tactic has been to tell colleagues that abortion is a burning issue with most Americans, and that it is better to face the issue now than in an election year. Nonetheless, there is almost no chance an amendment to ban abortion will ever emerge from the Civil Rights Subcommittee. A present ballot of its membership would produce a 5-2 tally against such a move.

Rubbing the wrong way

Defeat, embarrassment, humiliation—somehow certain politicians survive them all. Consider John Springer, who only 17 months ago resigned his post as a Cincinnati city councilman after confirming that he had twice patronized prostitutes in a northern Kentucky health club-massage parlor. Now the handsome 32-year-old Democrat is after his old office again. The only change is that this time he'll be running as an Independent, since local Democrats have refused to endorse him.

"Neither my wife, Micki, nor I relish the potential abuse to which we might be subjected during the campaign," Springer said at the press conference in which he announced his candidacy. The candidate plans to face the issue of his past head-on: "I think it should be weighed as a significant factor. It demonstrated a real weakness in my personality and it should be weighed."

Springer: bouncing back

Given all that, what are the candidate's chances? Our Cincinnati correspondent reports that Springer's election is at least an even bet.

Seventies

Worthless, naturally

Several months ago *New Times* reported that natural breakfast cereals aren't all they're cracked up to be. According to nutritional experts, the

PATRICIA LEPLUS

cereals have high sugar and fat contents, and actually contain fewer nutrients than some of their more traditional counterparts.

Now we've discovered some extraordinary support for our contention: Kellogg, whose Country Morning is one of the best-selling natural cereals. Speaking before a recent conference of the American Marketing Association, Kellogg's public affairs director Gary Costley was quoted by Gannett newspapers as saying that Country Morning is "almost worthless nutritionally." Added Costley: "The idea that because it's natural, it's good, is nonsense. Hell, heroin is almost natural but that doesn't mean it's good."

When we contacted Costley to find out more about his surprising candor, he claimed he had been quoted out of context. Costley says he wasn't talking about Country Morning but about certain other natural products. Gannett reporter Judy Burke, however, who covered the meeting, stands by her story.

The Pumpkin Papers

Halloween isn't what it used to be. Razor blades in apples, destructive tricks, poisons in candy—the excesses have too often become the order of the day. Or so one small Maryland city apparently is convinced. What was once in Cumberland—just as everywhere else—an orgy of sweetness, has now been banned as a "public nuisance."

"I don't know what it is," Cumberland Councilman Frank Trozzo told a *Washington Post* reporter recently, "but people have become really destructive." The city's new order replaces an ordinance that had already limited trick or treaters to the hours of 5:00 to 7:00 on Halloween night.

It's still possible that the rule will dampen only the spirit and not the practice. After all, points out one town councilman, "How are you going to keep a 9-year-old from going out and doing it? I imagine it's not going to do much except show that we're officially against it."

Transcendental television

Over the past few months, we've reported any number of ways in which followers of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi have successfully sold meditation to the public. Their most recent success, however, is easily their most ambitious and promises to have the most pervasive influence: TM is going Hollywood.

Global Television, a nonprofit corporation whose directors are all followers of the Maharishi, has been granted a construction license by the FCC. Before year's end, the group hopes to be televising a steady diet of TM throughout metropolitan Los Angeles.

Funded by a $400,000 loan from the Student International Meditation Society, Global Television managed to sell the FCC on positive thinking. At the FCC's behest, the group did a survey of San Bernardino's most immediate problems. They reported back that nothing could be better for urban sprawl, pollution and unemployment than TM's bright outlook.

In that optimistic vein, KSCI will also offer "progress reports" in lieu of news programs. "A lot of news leaves viewers depressed and helpless in the face of global disaster," KSCI program manager Mark Fleischer reasons. "At KSCI we'll be looking at events that reflect the global progress of the human race." And apparently there'll be no shortage of "optimism" in the projected public affairs and

entertainment programming, either. Science reports will document research into the phenomenon of TM and a variety of performers will be chosen because they possess "creative intelligence."

There's only one piece of bad news. Although the station will be broadcasting TM programs from morning till night, and there will be plenty of TM philosophy, you still won't be able to get instruction in how to meditate. These people aren't salesmen for nothing: For the real thing, you'll still have to cough up $125 at your local TM center.

The Word

Contempt breeds familiarity

It was just like old times: paparazzi Ron Galella clicking away at Jackie Onassis. They both showed up at the Robert F. Kennedy pro-celebrity charity tournament—a one-day annual

Galella: the Kennedys' unlikely friend

affair held prior to Forest Hills which attracts a glittering crowd of Kennedys, media luminaries, movie stars and athletes. Since Jackie and Galella settled their famous court battle, he has been restricted by court order to keeping his distance—not less than 25 feet. So there was Galella, snapping away with a telephoto lens, while Jackie maintained her predictable stony silence.

Less predictable was the reception the rest of the Kennedy family gave the inquiring photographer. Ethel and Teddy both approached him and exchanged friendly greetings; even Caroline said hello. And the tournament organizers invited Galella himself to appear next year—as a celebrity. Withal, the notorious photographer was unfazed by the warm reception the Kennedy family gave him. "I don't think Jackie was ever close to the rest of the family," he said simply.

Mind & Body

Generation gap pap

To say that teenagers in the Sixties were rebellious, anti-establishment and idealistic is not to be terribly original. Nor, more surprisingly, is it to be very accurate. According to a recently released statistical study, Sixties' youth appear to have been generally conformist, ambitious and TV-addicted.

The profile is based on a U.S. Public Health Service survey, conducted between 1966 and 1970, of 5,800 youths aged 12 to 17. The youths, now 17 to 27 years old, represented a statistical cross section of the nation's adolescents.

On questions about values, more than two-thirds declared it "extremely important" to obey the law, to obey parents, to be neat and clean and to have self-control. Fewer than one in every 150 termed these traits unimportant. On ambition, one-third labeled it "extremely important," 53 percent "important," 10 percent "slightly important" and only 2.5 percent "unimportant."

The antiwar movement and general campus turmoil notwithstanding, rebellious behavior was uncommon. Only 4 percent had ever dropped out of school and only 9 percent had ever run away from home long enough to be missed. The most common defiant act seems to have been smoking—by age 17, 41 percent of the boys and 22 percent of the girls reported they did so regularly. If anything seemed to preoccupy the teenagers, it was TV. The average youth in the Sixties watched three hours of TV a day, and 25 percent watched four hours or more. By contrast, the average time spent reading books was between an hour and an hour and a half a day.

Medicinal needs

The medical-school boom may turn into a bust. Soaring energy costs, inflation and a drying up of federal aid are threatening to bankrupt several of the 26 new schools that were thrown up over the past decade to answer the public cry for more doctors. California alone may close down two of its new medical campuses, and even some old institutions are in trouble. Temple University's medical school in Philadelphia is mired so deep in debt—$40 million at last count—that it can survive only if the Pennsylvania legislature bails it out.

Meanwhile, the government's plans to help set up eight new schools at Veterans Administration hospitals are floundering badly. New VA-based schools were on the drawing boards in Maine, Tennessee and West Virginia, but all have suffered recent setbacks—either because of an economy-minded legislature (Maine) or the bleak prospects of obtaining accreditation.

Where the living is easy

Want to live longer? Go west young man. According to the latest census figures, Hawaiians outlive all other Americans, with an average life expectancy of 73.6 years. After Hawaii

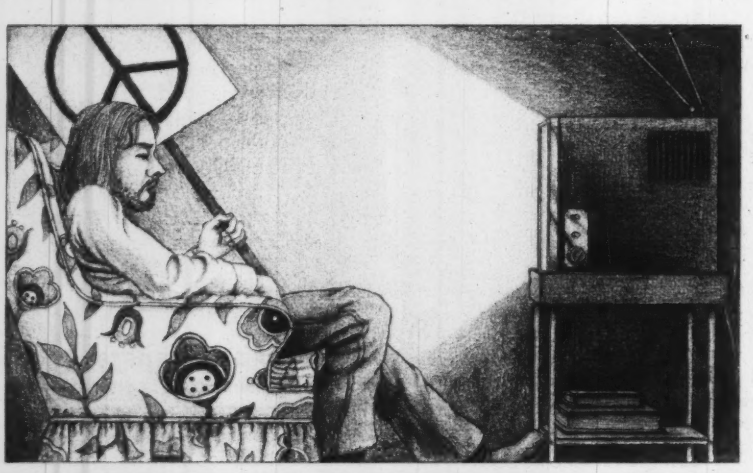

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

the leaders in longevity are the western states of Utah, North Dakota and Nebraska, and midwestern Minnesota. All have averages near 73 years. Although the census figures include little explanation, it is noteworthy that the states have in common a comparative dearth of large, industrial cities and the debilitating problems that go with them.

Regionally, people in the South continue to have the shortest average life spans. One important factor is the relatively high concentration of poor blacks; in Washington, D.C., where the black population is close to 70 percent, longevity is lowest of all. The figure is 65.7 overall and an incredible 59 among males. Next worst is South Carolina at 68 years and Mississippi at 68.1.

Any purely good news? Nationally, the average life span is up almost a full year since 1960—from 69.9 to 70.7.

PostScripts

The search for Hearst (*NT:* Sept. 19, 1975)

While a U.S. judge in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, considers whether to hold Micki Scott and Marty Miller in contempt for refusing to testify before a grand jury investigating the Symbionese Liberation Army, a California woman held for nine months on similar charges is about to be freed. Cindy Garvey, 26, must be released September 28, because the grand jury whose questions she refused to answer disbands on that date.

Garvey says she has neither knowledge of nor sympathy for the terrorist group, and refused to answer the grand jury's questions on principle. "From the [start] I didn't agree with the SLA," she says. "I thought what they had done was wrong." But the government claims she has close ties to the SLA. Garvey was for a time the girlfriend of Joe Remiero, but says she broke up with him six months before he allegedly murdered Oakland school superintendent Marcus Foster. She concedes that she was friendly with SLA fugitives Bill and Emily Harris, and that she knew Willie Wolfe and Angela Atwood, but says they all went underground prior to the kidnapping of Patty Hearst.

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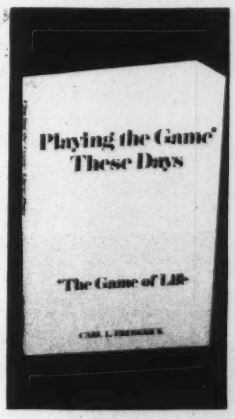

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Special Report

And now, ethnic germ warfare

By Judith Dancoff

Daisy cutters (proximity-fused bombs or shells that level everything around where they burst). Computing gunsights. Radar-aimed rockets. Heat-seeking missiles. Nuclear weapons. Bat incendiaries. Infected animals, water supplies and whatnot (germ warfare). Puke gas. Nerve gas. Silver iodide (to upset the climate). Herbicides. Brainwashing. The real and mental armories of the world's warriors are filled with such nightmare weapons, one more horrifying than the other, but we pay little mind. Why, even primitive Indians of South America found that by dipping the points of their arrows into curare, they could paralyze and then kill the prey (or foe) subsequently pierced by the treated shaft. Poisoned arrows, a sophisticated weapon, and they still haven't invented the wheel. So, why should another new wrinkle in killing give us brainjam?

The latest weapon, in thought or actuality, is aimed at the genetic Achilles' heel, the ethnic weapon designed to eliminate a specific racial population. Believe it. Ethnic weapons are feasible, says Dr. Richard Hammerschlag, a neuroscientist at the City of Hope National Medical Center, at Duarte, California. An increasing number of differences are being found in the blood proteins of various ethnic groups, some of which leave them vulnerable to biochemical weapons. Probably the best known variant is the hemoglobin molecule in black populations that can sometimes cause sickle-cell anemia. While this hemoglobin variant is in itself inappropriate for use in ethnic weapons (only a very small percentage of blacks carry the molecule in a form that would make them susceptible), other genetic differences are not. Seventy to 80 percent of certain Semitic populations, for example, lack a specific enzyme that, among other things, acts to neutralize the negative side effects of the antituberculosis drug isoniazid. Although the side effects of the drug are not that dangerous, a slight alteration in the drug could produce disastrous effects, seriously incapacitating—or perhaps even killing—80 percent of a Semitic army.

The question is whether or not the government is actually engaging in such research. At a recent meeting of the American Chemical Society—during which Hammerschlag himself presented a paper warning of just such a possibility—Col. William E. Dismore Jr., chief of the Army's Chemical and Nuclear Division, was asked by George Alexander, a *Los Angeles Times* reporter, to respond to Hammerschlag's inferences that the Army might actually be developing ethnic weapons.

"In no research that I'm aware of," said Dismore, "have we sought this approach. In no way are we even considering anything like this."

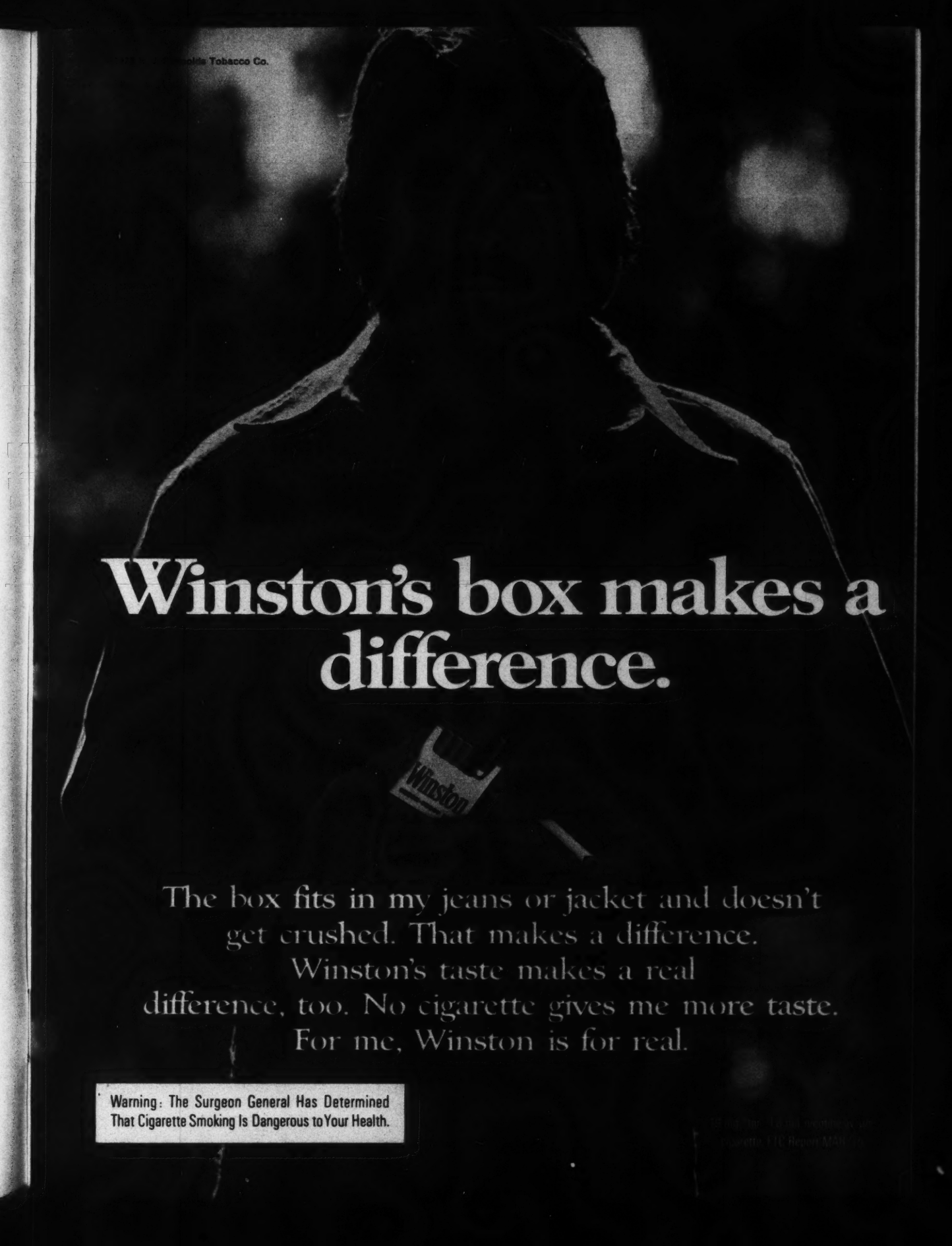
Nevertheless, circumstantial evidence to the contrary tends to make Dismore's denial something less than substantial.

As early as 1970, an extensive article was published in the *Military Review*, the self-proclaimed press arm of the U.S. Army, outlining the feasibility and tactical advantages of ethnic weapons and discussing methods for their possible application. In one portion of the article, a caption—beneath a photograph of infantry and tanks—reads: "Innate differences in vulnerability to chemical agents between different populations have led to the possible development of ethnic weapons." And, on a later page, the article claims that ". . .surrounded with clouds of secrecy, a systematic search for new incapacitating agents is going on in many laboratories." The author of the piece, Dr. Carl A. Larson, head of the Department of Human Genetics at the University of Lund, Sweden, was questioned by some understandably terrified scientists as to why he wrote the article in the first place. His response, published in a science newsletter, was that "there was, to my knowledge, no other way to bring this threatening development out into the open in such a way that civilian and military authorities can say, 'No, we won't have chemical weapons, selective or otherwise. They are simply suicidal.' " Considering the limited distribution of the *Military Review*, the possibility that his so-called warning was audible to anyone outside the military establishment is unlikely; that the article was supposed to be a warning in the first place is also up for serious speculation. In a January 1971 letter published in the same journal, a U.S. Army colonel wrote that ". . .the lead article 'Ethnic Weapons' is one of the most thought-provoking to appear anywhere in some time. The military implications of the research upon which Dr. Larson reported are doubtless greater than any of us realize at this point. I would hope that the article might stimulate further discussion of this matter."

Hammerschlag has uncovered evidence that, although admittedly inconclusive, does indicate a small outburst over the last few years of government-funded interest in blood proteins and genetically inherited characteristics.

For example, the goal of one government project, sponsored by the Army during the fiscal year 1972, was "to prepare maps portraying the geographic distribution of human blood types and other inherited blood characteristics." Another, partly funded by the Defense Department's Advanced Research Project Agency, dealt with mass screenings of blood proteins in different Asian peoples. Concluding that such projects might relate to the development of ethnic weapons, Hammerschlag contacted several of the involved agencies but was unable to get anything more than a few cursory denials.

Hammerschlag feels that the whole subject of ethnic weapons should be thoroughly publicized. "Too often in the past," Hammerschlag explains, " the scientific community has learned to its horror the ends to which its seemingly 'basic' research efforts had been directed by the Military. And the all too few voices of protest were then heard only after the fact. It is imperative that a concerted voice be raised now, before the specter of ethnic warfare materializes out of the military's Pandora's box of weaponry." ●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Special Report

And now, ethnic germ warfare

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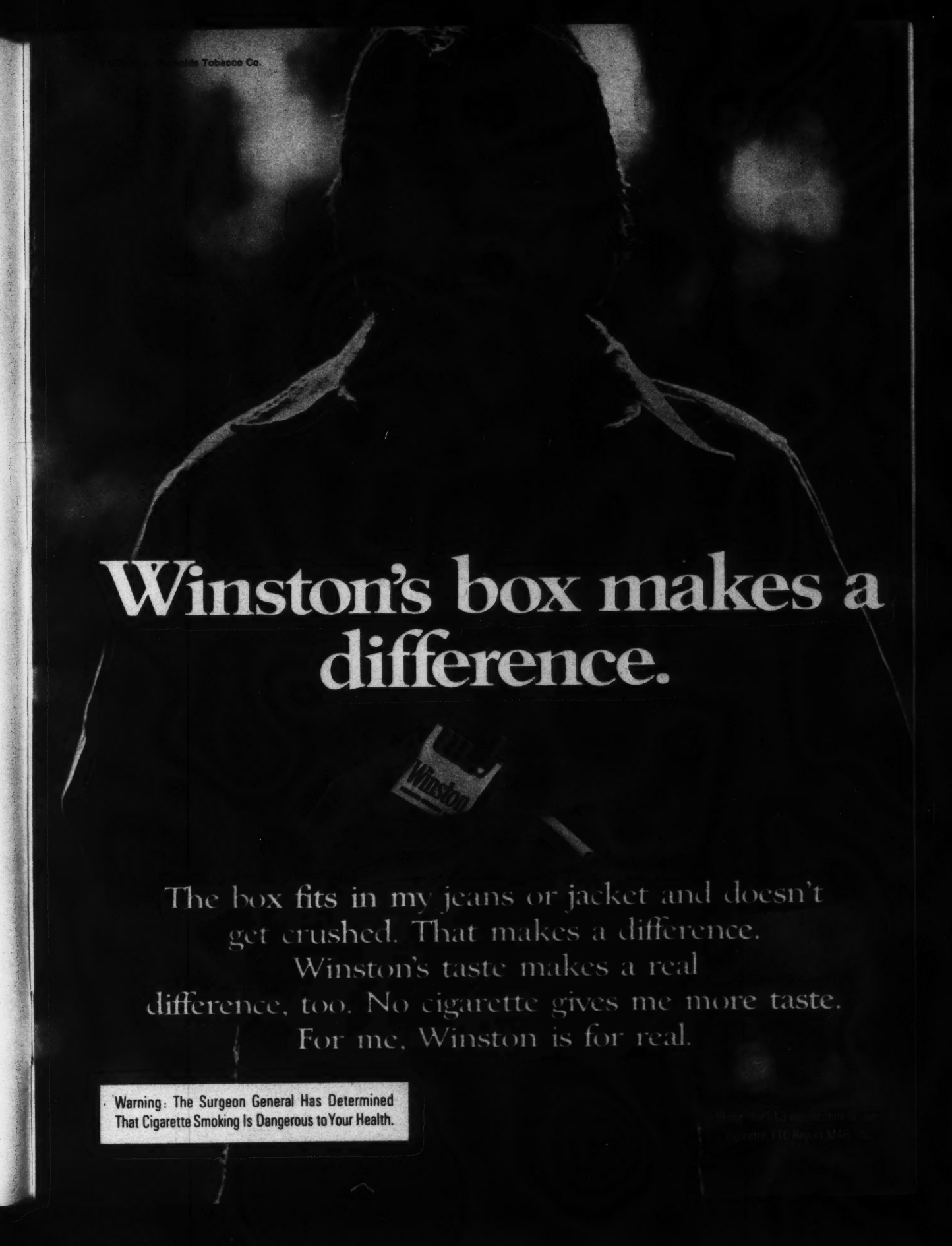
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DOWN TO THE CORE

The banks, the unions, the politicians, the welfare recipients—they're all fighting for the final scraps of the late and great city of New York

By Robert Sam Anson

No one has ever really lived in New York.

Not lived the way other people live, in that great void west of the Hudson and north of the Bronx, where, the story goes, the air is clean, the streets uncrowded, the cost of living not out-of-sight, taxes not quite killing, crime under control and people actually say "good morning," sometimes when they don't even know each other. Life isn't like that in New York. When a stranger speaks to you here, you brace yourself. Odds are that you are about to be panhandled, propositioned or punched.

All of this horrifies the rest of the country, providing grist for dozens of speeches at Republican women's clubs, jokes for Johnny Carson and general relief for virtually every city in the country except New York. Out there, in the land of Kiwanis and double-knit suits and white patent-leather shoes, the good people who are the backbone of this country can content themselves. Their taxes may be going up, their teachers getting restless, their kids turning on, but at least it isn't New York. New York is a disease. And probably a necessary one. If there weren't a New York,it would have to be somewhere else. Someone has to suffer, if only so everyone else can feel better by comparison.

None of this bothers New Yorkers. It's not that they don't like all the nice things that go on in places like Cincinnati and Butte and Anaheim, or that they enjoy being hassled and hustled, tensing whenever they see a black teenager in tennis shoes (they are called "perpetrator boots" hereabouts) ambling toward them. New Yorkers are not crazy, whatever the Secretary of the Treasury (predictably, a former New Jersey suburbanite) might think. They and this place are simply different. Not just the biggest, the richest, the most powerful and all the other superlatives (sickest, poorest, dirtiest) that describe New York without ever explaining it. But different.

Like civic pride. The small-town boosterism of fireplug painting and "all-American cities" and chamber of commerce picnics is alien to New York. The most powerful civic group in town is the "Association for a Better New York," a landlord lobby dedicated to making life a little tougher for the people who pay $600 a month for a five-room apartment. They hold no picnics. The pride New Yorkers have is in themselves, in living in New York not because of it but in spite of it,in enduring everything that the city can throw at them and still keep coming back for more: the filth, the crime, the noise in the subways (scientists have calculated that the decibel level in the IRT would drive rats insane, which, perhaps, is why they live out in the open in Manhattan), the certain knowledge that something will happen sooner rather than later that will be making life a bit more interesting, such as firemen refusing to fight fires, teachers deciding not to teach, cops blocking traffic and garbage men not picking up garbage. Such things are expected. They have happened before. They will always happen. To live in New York is to be fatalistic, conditioned, existential without getting sloppy about it. New York has never been "Fun City," nor was it ever supposed to be. John Lindsay, who coined the phrase (and had it hurled back in his teeth the remaining, bitter years he was mayor), never understood that, which is why, even today, he is so loathed. He was an outsider. He never shared the pain.

The pain has always been worth it because of what New York City was meant to be: not merely a place for living but a gigantic social engine, a machine that turned generations of poor people into middle class people, that took the rich and made them richer. Whoever you were, whatever you did, you never really made it until you made it in the big town. That is the city's special genius, its gift to its people, and, in return, New Yorkers coped with all the things that shouldn't have to be coped with, the things that aren't coped with anywhere except in New York.

Of course, the machine did not run on its own. It took money to fuel it, billions and billions every year. As long as the money kept coming, the machine kept working, performing the unlikeliest wonders. Like putting junkies on welfare

(so, in effect, taxpayers were actually supporting their habits). Making welfare actually livable. Offering a free college education to everyone who wanted it. Providing free hospitals, not just a few, but 19 of them, more than a lot of countries have. Setting up pension plans for city workers that would make mouths water at General Motors. Every year, it was more and more. No demand seemed too outrageous. And, even if it was, well, that was part of New York's charm. "That impulse makes this city great," says Paul O'Dwyer, a fomer gun-runner and radical who serves as the city's deputy mayor. "New York has always had a heart. We have always given as much as we could and more to anyone who wanted it and was humble. It didn't even matter if they were deserving."

Such is the New York tradition, the quality that Jimmy Breslin says "makes us better than those bastards in North Carolina." You had to be a romantic to believe in it, to be sure that since it had always been this way it would always be this way, that nothing would ever make the machine stop running. New York never had a doubt. The city had survived everything. Then, this year, a funny thing happened. The money ran out.

The story of how the world's financial capital went broke is as improbable as the city itself. Improbable, yes, but inevitable, too. For the signs of impending collapse were there, long before the word "default" entered the city's lexicon. You needn't have been a sociologist or financial genius to see what has been happening to the city during the last decade, and to realize that none of it was good. The 400,000 jobs that have gone elsewhere every year since 1969. The 2 million members of the white middle class who have deserted for the suburbs in the last 20 years. The 2 million blacks and Puerto Ricans who arrived to take their place. The city payroll that doubled in size in less than five years.The tax base that kept getting smaller. The expenses that kept going up. What happened, finally, was that the most basic law of economics applied itself. When you keep spending more than you have, sooner or later you are going to go broke.

There is still some wonder about it. Washington, after all, spends billions of dollars more each year than it has, and, so far at least, no one is talking about the federal government going broke. But there is a small difference. Washington can print money. New York can't.

Instead, New York did the next best thing: it borrowed. There was nothing inherently wrong about New York's borrowing; virtually every city borrows something, though nearly always to finance some major project, such as a sewer line or a water plant or mass transit. New York, though, was different. It borrowed not only for these things, and in massive amounts (the city's total indebtedness now stands at nearly $14 billion, more than the annual budgets of more than half the governments in the world), but to pay operating expenses: salaries, electric bills, the routine, ordinary items that are supposed to be taken care of by taxes. The trouble was that the taxes, already the highest in the nation (a 1.5 percent income tax, plus an 8 percent sales tax, plus a property tax rate so high that each year property owners *abandon*

City employment became so attractive that the last time there were openings for garbage men, 150,000 people queued up for the jobs

40,000 apartments), weren't bringing in nearly enough. By the end of the current fiscal year alone, New York will have spent more than $3 billion than it took in. To make up for the deficit, New York borrows, not merely to float capital projects or to cover operating expenses but lately just to pay off the interest on the debt it has already racked up.

All went well as long as there was money to be had at reasonable rates of interest. The banks, for their part, were delighted to peddle New York's tax-free municipals to their customers, and invested heavily in them themselves. It seemed the perfect scheme. Everyone was enriched.

That was the problem: New York's elaborate borrowing and accounting was a *scheme*, a confidence game so brazen it would have made Charles Ponzi blush. The wonder is that it lasted as long as it did, more than a decade. *Fortune* magazine, exercising the retrospective wisdom that follows on the heels of all great disasters, picks out 1965 as the year things began to go terribly wrong. In that year, then-Mayor Robert Wagner, faced with a budget deficit of $100 million, succeeded in pressuring Governor Nelson Rockefeller into getting the state legislature to pass a law allowing the city to issue a new kind of "revenue anticipation notes," a polite term for borrowing against money the city might get, and then again might not. Rockefeller, who quintupled state taxes during his own years in office, hardly needed much coaxing. Many of the RANs were sold through Chase Manhattan, the family bank, which made a healthy profit from their sale. With Rockefeller's concurrence, the floodgates were flung open. In succeeding years, New York dreamed up new gimmicks to increase its borrowing authority, overestimating the funds that were flowing in from taxes, state and federal aid, and grossly underestimating the money that was flowing out to various social programs and to city workers, whose pay kept increasing at an average of 9 percent a year, not counting election year, when it managed to climb 14 percent. One favorite trick that the city's accountants quietly played for the last 35 years was keeping on the tax rolls thousands of vacant lots and abandoned buildings on which no taxes would ever be paid. This year the uncollected taxes on such property will amount to $200 million. By this maneuver, New York was able to borrow yet more money, untroubled that it was deceiving its investors on a giant scale. When the practice finally came to light this year, Wall Street was not amused. "There is only one word for it," snaps one important investment counselor. "Fraud. If executives of private companies had done this kind of thing, they would have gone to jail." In New York, they were merely reelected.

Lindsay, with the connivance of then-controller Abraham Beame, was especially adept at finding ways to spend money. During his years in office, New York's budget tripled; the number of welfare recipients doubled. Taxes and the debt went up accordingly. It was under Lindsay that the City University system installed open admission (CUNY is now larger than the public university systems in all but seven states); that the junkies went on welfare; that various social programs, which were already the most generous in the nation, became so lucrative that, for a time, it seemed that the only poor blacks from the South who did not move to New York were the ones who were so down and out that they lacked the fare for the bus.

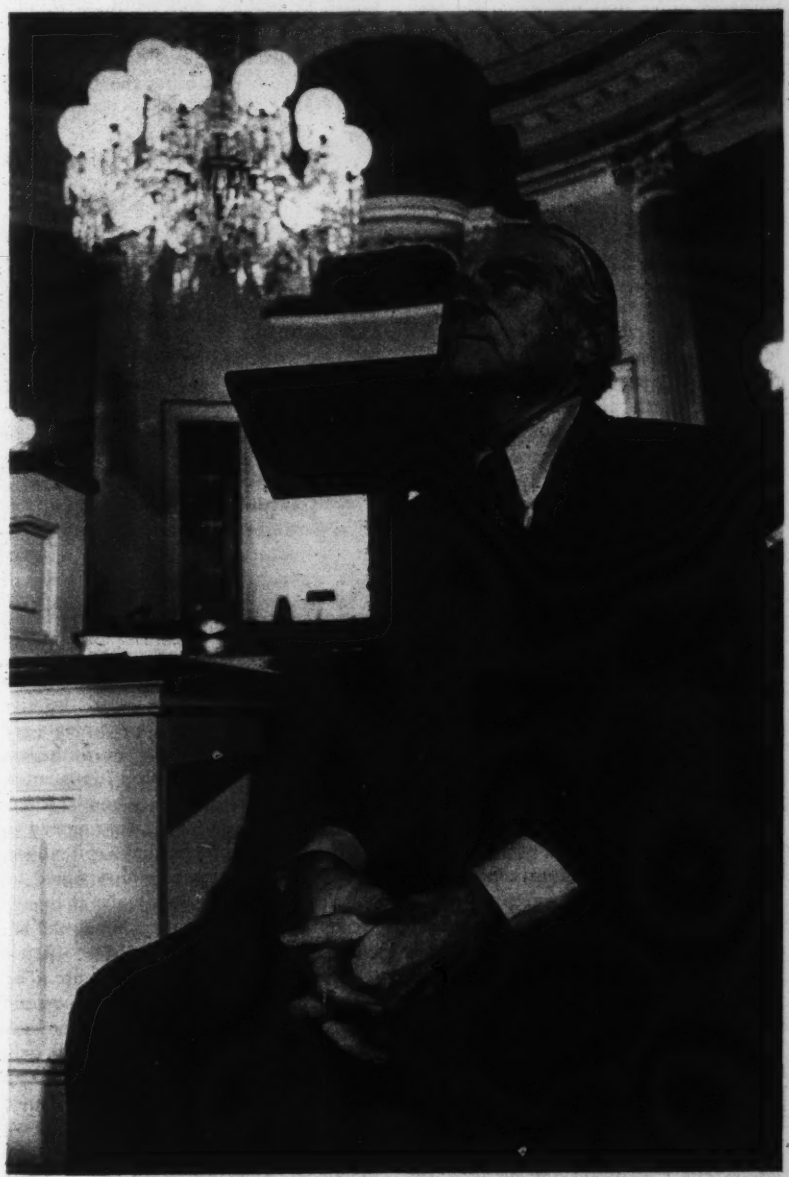
But Lindsay's special weakness was the unions. He came into office in 1966 to the accompaniment of a crippling transit strike and less than two years later found himself neck deep in a teachers' strike, whose effects are still being felt. Both strikes were finally settled

with record pay increases. "After Lindsay got burned by the teachers and the transit men, and then the goddamn garbage men, he was determined not to get burned again," recalls one of his former key financial advisers. "He had this thing about unions, and, of course, they had this thing about him. They hated him even as they bled him white. He knew it. He just didn't want the problem." Lindsay's buyout came at a stiff price, not only in salaries (sanitationmen start at $13,000, the average teacher makes $17,000, while to put a single cop on the street costs nearly $25,000 per year) but in fringe benefits (police, for instance, get two days off every time they give blood) and, most disastrously of all, pension funds. The pensions were especially seductive. Lindsay could increase them without immediately having to pay the full cost, which would be borne by some other unhappy politician down the line. As a result, cops, teachers and firemen can retire at half pay after only 20 years of service, and the sanitationmen, teachers and transit workers are not far behind. The city's contribution to the pension funds—double the amount the average private company puts in—now amounts to more than $900 million a year. City employment has become so attractive that the last time there were openings for garbage men, 150,000 people queued up for the jobs.

Lindsay's right hand man in cooking up such deals was his controller, now Mayor Abraham Beame. Querulous, old (69), grey in pallor as well as thought, there has never been much to set Abe Beame apart. Which is what made him seem like such an ideal candidate after the turbulent charisma of John Vliet Lindsay. No one will ever accuse 5'2" Abe Beame of being charismatic. There is no pretense about it, and even less cause for it if there were: he is what he is, a Brooklyn boy made good, a machine pol who rose through the ranks of the city's civil service not because he was the brightest or the most ambitious kid in Brighton Beach but because he ground the hardest. The grinding quality gives Beame his look: permanent exhaustion. But he made the right friends during his decades in city government and, more importantly, managed to avoid making any powerful enemies. He ran an old-fashioned, low-key campaign in 1973, well-oiled by the unions on whom he had bestowed such favors. His competitors promised innovation. New York wanted normalcy. And in Abe, who ran on the slogan "Beame Knows the Buck" (the irony is lost on no one these days, except perhaps the mayor), New Yorkers thought they got it. His first budget would be a surprise.

Deficit, said the mayor, which was hardly news. What was news was the size—nearly $400 million, and, at that, the mayor's critics, among them the new city controller, thought that Beame was being cute with the figures to keep down the size of the actual shortfall. They were right. It was hundreds of millions more. Beame, however, resisted serious cuts (in fact, he padded the city payroll with a number of time-servers from the Brooklyn Democratic organization) and opted for the old-time religion: more taxes and new borrowing. And therein lay the stunner. The banks weren't buying anymore. A $475 million issue offered for bid in October 1974 did poorly, and a number of underwriters suffered on the deal. They were more cautious on the next go-round. The next city issues went for a record interest rate of 9.5 percent. And then the totally unexpected: an outside accountant from one of the banks actually had the temerity to give the city's books a close reading.

From that moment on, it has been all downhill. Not even record interest rates—some of them approaching 12 percent tax-free—would move some of the city's bonds. The market finally caught



WARING ABBOTT

Mayor Abraham Beame: waiting for the roof to fall in.

up to the rest of the country: it wanted none of New York. One bond salesman returned from a trip to the hinterlands stunned at the resistance—considering the fact that the city was almost giving money away. "There is an almost physical anger out there about New York," he told a friend on Wall Street. "It's irrational. There's no explaining it. They just hate New York." When the bonds failed to sell, the state came riding to the rescue, providing new taxing authority and creating a new temporary agency—the Municipal Assistance Corporation, instantly known as "Big Mac"—to hustle the bonds and help set the city's fiscal house in order. But not even Big Mac could put Humpty Dumpty together again. Another huge city bond issue met a stone cold reception. By early September, the city was careening toward bankruptcy, about to default on nearly a billion dollars' worth of obligations.

It was then that Beame, who had announced the previous July that the city's worst fiscal troubles were over, pushed the panic button. He had already been forced to lay off thousands of policemen, firemen and teachers (carefully leaving untouched nearly all the high-salaried patronage appointments in the other city agencies); now he shuttled back and forth between Albany, New York and Washington in utter panic. Governor Hugh Carey, his old chum from Brooklyn politics, was studiedly noncommittal. William Simon was icy, flatly turning down Beame's request for more federal help for the city and saying instead that Treasury would focus its efforts on salvaging what could be saved *after* the city defaulted. Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns offered scant consolation. Yes, he said, the Fed would step in, if need be, but only to aid any banks threatened with going under because of default. *Barrons,* the financial weekly, said there was only one course left: "All Abe Beame need do is adopt the Khmer solution. That is, order every man, woman and child out of the city."

It had become an article of faith. New York was going belly up.

Yet, for a time, no one seemed particularly worried, save Beame, trusty accountant to the end, the banks and the *New York Times.* Certainly, Washington seemed unconcerned. There was even talk among the President's political advisers that letting New York collapse of its own rotten weight might be a savvy move out there in the heartland, a graphic example of the liberals run totally amok. *The Wall Street Journal* urged the state and federal governments to let New York go under, since any new funds would only be throwing good money after bad. Besides, an accompanying article noted, a bankruptcy of such size might inject a little life into the listless bond market. It would be big, all right. If the city went, the state would almost surely follow, and between them they represented 30 percent of all the municipal and state bonds in the country, a fact that did not go unnoticed by New York's liberals. O'Dwyer had been singing the praises of bankruptcy for months, and others joined in the chorus. "What the hell have the banks ever done for us? "asked Michael Pesce, a liberal state assemblyman from Brooklyn. "They've just taken and taken. Maybe it's time for them to give back a little something. And Rockefeller. What the hell has he ever done for us? So, if we default, that hurts the banks and Rockefeller. We should help them?"

The notion of shafting the banks, Rockefeller and capitalism in one fell swoop was a heady one for liberals. Here was the revenge they always wanted. Then, slowly, the real consequences of default began to sink in. The *New York Times* began writing of payless paydays, of welfare mothers going hungry, of Con Ed turning out the lights. The leaders of the city's unions chimed in with an announcement that their men would not work without being paid. That was a happening not even the most hard-bitten New Yorker had contemplated: a city without policemen, without firemen, without anything at all except 1 million angry welfare recipients who hadn't gotten their checks. No one could mistake the meaning of that equation. "They will come down on us from the North," gasped one city official. "No one will escape alive." Minds began changing.

Enough minds have changed so that, for the moment at least, the city won't default. The welfare recipients got their checks on schedule when, at the last moment, the union pension funds anted up $100 million to buy city bonds. A few days later, the state legislature agreed to put the state's credit behind $750 million in city bonds, much of which would be bought by union pension funds.

No one was happy about the solution, least of all the Big Mac officials who proposed it to the legislature. The sales pitch to groups of assemblymen and senators always began with the admonition that the plan was a bad one, that,in the end, the state could wind up losing $750 million and have its own credit irreparably damaged. Publicly, Big Mac officials put the chances of eventual default at 50-50. Privately, one of them said it was closer to 90-10. But there was no other choice. New York City's problems had already had a ripple effect on New York State's bonds, some of which had been forced to offer interest of more than 12 percent. "Ripple, ripple, ripple," grumbled one assemblyman from the Bronx. "I've heard so much about ripple the last few days I'm sick of it. Where I come from the only 'ripple' is the name of a wine. We've given Ripple a hundred million dollars' worth of free advertising. Maybe they ought to invest." Upstate legislators worried about the wrath of their constituents, downstaters that they were forever changing the nature of the city. It took days of arm-twisting and an all-night session of the legislature (some of whose members were asleep or read the funny papers) before the measure passed by a narrow margin. "No one wanted to do this," said one legislative leader. "What happened was that we all walked to the brink, looked over the edge and saw that it was a very dark pit with no bottom."

Until December, at least, when the city had to sell $2 billion *more* in bonds, New York was out of the woods. There are few illusions. Unless drastic cuts in city services are made between now and then, and unless the federal government guarantees New York's bonds (still a most unlikely happening), then New York City will default, bringing the state down with it. Whatever finally happens, New York's government has been drastically altered. As payment for the state's bond guarantee, Beame was forced to relinquish virtually all of his fiscal powers to an "executive governing board"—the "junta" as Richard Gottfried, a bitter West Side liberal calls it—composed of seven members. He and the city controller, no ally, have seats on the board, but it is dominated by banking and business interests. The board has the power to review all the city's books, pass on all its contracts and, if it chooses, oversee the allocation of every last nickel in the city budget. At that, there was heavy pressure on Carey by the financial community for even more drastic action, namely the removing of Beame from office. That was stayed only when cooler heads on the Big Mac board concluded that Paul O'Dwyer, Beame's constitutional successor, would be even worse.

In Albany, where he journeyed to negotiate the terms of his surrender, Beame was a curiously irrelevant figure, a limp rag doll of a man, drained, exhausted, eyes sunken into his head. He spent much of his time in a conference room near Carey's office, waiting for calls that never came. There was no need for him now. In the future, said one city financial expert, "Beame will be a ribbon-

cutter." Even the Republicans couldn't help but feel sorry for him. "It's almost funereal," said one of them. "You don't know what to say, except that the corpse looks natural."

To the tourists who still are drawn to the Big Apple, New York has not changed much. The Statue of Liberty is still out there in the harbor, with its chiseled welcome to the poor and huddled masses (meanwhile, there is a new crackdown in New York on illegal aliens, several hundred thousand of whom live in the city, enjoying city services while not paying taxes), the hookers and the pimps still on patrol in Times Square, the cabbies pushing their hacks with the same suicidal abandon, the prices no more outrageous than usual and Central Park only minimally dangerous during daylight hours. A close observer will notice that there is more trash in the streets and that

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Former Mayor John Lindsay, who thought he had run the city so well that he decided to expand his area of operations: in 1972 he ran for the White House.

a new, pungent odor has been mixed in with the combination of sulphur, carbon monoxide, soot and a tad of oxygen that is New York's normal atmosphere—the stench of rotting, uncollected garbage. He might also notice that there are fewer cops; 3,000 of them have been laid off, and the senior members of the force are retiring in record numbers. The 5 cent ride on the Staten Island Ferry now costs a quarter, and, at the beginning of this month, the transit fare was increased 43 percent to 50 cents (in January, it will probably go up another dime). Somehow, the fare increase has been the most unsettling development of all, not only for its fiscal wrong-headedness (higher fares mean that fewer people will ride the subways, bringing in less money and clogging the streets with yet more cars), since that is to be expected, but in the way it was accepted. Ordinarily, the subway fare is the one thing New Yorkers hold inviolate. And predictably enough, when the increase was announced, Bella Abzug was out in the streets with a bullhorn, urging her constituents to revolt. There were a few protesting gate-crashers the first day, but, on the whole, everything went off remarkably smoothly. It was a bad sign, a signal perhaps that New Yorkers have finally been driven over the brink of exhaustion.

They are confused, that is sure, not just over the coming vicissitudes or the entrusting of their lives to the banks, but worried rather that in the midst of all the fiscal paraphernalia that no one understands, something fundamental has been altered about their city. That the mighty engine has stopped for good. Phil Tracy, a perceptive reporter for *The Village Voice*, writes mournfully of the "Newarkization of New York"; Breslin and his cronies talk of the loss of New York's "soul" to "men who have never ridden on the IRT." The solutions that have been put forward for New York's multiple troubles reflect the bewilderment. Journalist Jack Newfield wrote a long piece suggesting that Beame turn over the city to the Mob, since they owned most of it anyway and could probably run it far more efficiently and cheaply than the civil service. (Newfield has a point. In Brooklyn, private carting businesses, dominated by the Mafia, pick up the garbage faster and at lower cost than the city itself.) During the Albany debate on putting the state's credit behind the city, an assemblyman from Brooklyn made an impassioned plea for the city to declare war on the United States, immediately surrender and collect the foreign aid that is now going to the Arabs. His proposal received lusty applause. Establishment figures such as labor negotiator Theodore Kheel say that New York City as a political unit has outlived its usefulness, has become a dinosaur in a modern age and that the only salvation is for the city to gobble up the suburbs. Beame, meanwhile, keeps talking about getting money from Washington, an idea notable only in the sense that it shows Beame has no new ideas.

There may be no new ideas. The failure of New York is far more profound than accountants adding two and two and invariably coming up with five. The real failure is of the most basic tenets of liberal democracy.

The unspoken premise that holds New York's jumble of ethnic neighborhoods together in uneasy coexistence is that, in this city at least, America is still the land of opportunity: a place where a man can come off a boat or out of a slum, knowing that the city will literally feed, clothe and house him, send him to school, even to college, care for him when he is sick and finally give him a job that pays enough to make the big step out of Harlem and into Queens, where he can fix up his new house with the aid of a municipal loan. For generations, it has worked that way, and worked with extraordinary success. The city is filled with such examples. Beame was an immigrant Jew from London. Pesce, the assemblyman so anxious to shaft the banks, not too long ago was living in Italy. The heavy brogue in Paul O'Dwyer's radical incantations is unmistakable. Shirley Chisholm is from the West Indies. During the assembly debate, a Puerto Rican assemblyman from the South Bronx rose to speak feelingly, almost tearfully, of the opportunities New York had given him, of the promise of America, of the symbol of the Statue of Liberty, in short of all the things of Norman Rockwell covers and civics lesson cliches, except that for many in New York, and certainly for him, they are true.

One of the great pastimes among professional New Yorkers, that odd class who celebrate the city's miseries, is pointing out that the black and Puerto Rican slums of today were Irish and Italian slums of yesterday, choked with the same filth, the same crime, the same, if not worse, privations. The message is: these, too, shall pass away. If there is any doubt, they point you to the international arrivals terminal at Kennedy, or the Port Authority bus terminal on the West Side, the Bedloe's Island of the Seventies, where, true enough, every day they keep coming: the poor from Puerto Rico and Mississippi and North Carolina and Alabama, from every place that decided to live more sanely than New York at the ex-

pense of the lowest among its citizens. Superficially, they look like the immigrants of old: the same few belongings, the same wide-eyed looks of wonder and of hope. But there is a crucial difference. What the professional New Yorkers don't mention is that while there were once Jewish, Irish and Italian ghettos, there were also Jewish, Irish and Italian neighborhoods that under the crush of the new immigration have today become slums. Thanks to racism, blacks and dark-skinned Puerto Ricans do not move up the social ladder with the same rapidity as their European forebears. In most cases, they move not at all. The social engine that once worked so efficiently has now become a mechanism for maintenance. Lynette Roosevelt (not her real name), a welfare mother living in a pleasant, four-bedroom apartment in a city project, is typical. There is no man in the house, only eight of her 13 children. Her mother received welfare before her, and two of her children, now grown, receive it today. Mrs. Roosevelt, and hundreds of thousands like her, are part of the permanent underclass.

Even in the best of times, during the middle and late Sixties, when there were hundreds of millions in federal aid rolling in for social programs, New York was never able to disgorge this underclass. Instead, it supported and encouraged it. With so much money available, and so easy to come by, the temptation to suck off the liberal tit became irresistible. Estimates of the number of cheats among the city's 1 million welfare recipients was as high as 30 percent. The state proudly contends that cheaters account for *"only 13 percent."* Whether 13 or 30 percent, New York was being ripped off on a massive scale,and the city's leaders,being liberal, anxious not to be called racists and highly cognizant that welfare people also vote, showed no disposition to bring it to an end. During the Lindsay years, federal and city money was used to buy racial peace and political allies. A whole new class was spawned: the welfare pimp, a wonderfully New York word that describes a politician whose support derives entirely from the welfare jobs he can pass out. Today, "welfare pimps" are some of the city's most powerful politicians.

In itself, the welfare chiseling was not ruinous. It was, though, highly visible, a bright banner announcing a financial free-for-all. The city's unions did not miss the message. As welfare rolls rose, so did salary demands of city employees. The new taxes that paid for the settlements drove more jobs from the city. Today, New York's basic industry is itself. The public work force is nearly as large as the private. One of every six workers in New York is paid by public funds; until recently, Victor Gotbaum, the boss of the municipal employees union, was confidently predicting that by 1980 the percentage would increase to one in four. As it is, there is one city employee for every 20 citizens. In Chicago, a city that works far better, there is one city employee for every 40 citizens. In part, the rise came from the fact that it takes more workers to perform the same task fewer workers did a decade ago. New York's sanitationmen are notorious shirkers and malingerers. At that, they are in step with the attitude of other city workers. Surveys of the police in Los Angeles reveal that the prime reasons young men join the force is because the job offers responsibility and action. In New York, similar surveys of the cops find that the number one reason they join the force is that it offers high pay, a good pension and job security. Devotion to duty and enforcing the law come much further down the list.

The utter fragility of the city encourages union militancy. When a major layoff of police was announced a couple of months ago, hundreds of cops swarmed on to the Brooklyn Bridge at rush hour, snarling lower Manhattan. The tires of several cars were slashed, and the motorists who were foolish enough to protest were threatened with violence. Hundreds of other cops stood by watching. There were no arrests. A short time later, Beame found that by juggling the books, he was able to rehire most of the cops who had been laid off. Last year, the firefighters union, then locked in a wage dispute with the city, took a strike vote. The vote failed, but, since it was held in secret, very few people knew that. Richard Vizzini, then the boss of the union, called his men out on strike anyway, and won his wage demands. He was not subjected to criminal prosecution. The city is helpless in the face of such intimidation. The unions, seeing the success of welfare protests, are encouraged to employ it. The result, invariably, is surrender.

Small wonder, then, that William Simon suggested that the best thing that could happen to New York was selling it to the Shah of Iran, a man whom Simon had already characterized as "a nut." There is something insane about the place, not in its decay or its money troubles or even the fact that it is so willing to give away so much to so many who are undeserving. None of these is new to New York.What is new, and probably irreversible, is the rot that has set in among its people, from the welfare pimps to the cops on the pad to the landlords in the South Bronx who hire 10-year-old kids to burn their buildings so that they can collect the insurance. It is no accident that one of the most respected men in New York today is Albert Shanker, the president of the United Federation of Teachers. Shanker derives his esteem from the simple fact that he is totally ruthless in getting what he wants. That is a quality New Yorkers can appreciate, since, with varying degrees of success, they hanker after it themselves.

The most notable aspect of the fix New York finds itself in today is that no one in this city, which boasts of having the best brains, the most talented persons in the world, has come forward with a solution that makes any sense. Everyone is busily making his own plans for the duration, whether deciding to move to Yonkers or have one last crack at the pension fund while it is still solvent. The union leaders talk of what they want, the bankers of what they want, the welfare types of what they want. There is, finally, the realization that there will no longer be enough to go around. No less than Paul O'Dwyer now admits that New York will have to reexamine its priorities, that "we can't do everything anymore." What no one has come up with is a plan for sharing what is left. He would probably be laughed out of town.

New York has always had its doomsayers, the sane, sensible people who said that such a city could not possibly survive. Twenty years ago, E.B. White wrote: "It is a miracle that New York works at all. The whole thing is implausible. . . . The subterranean system of telephone cables, power lines, and sewer pipes is reason enough to abandon the island. . . . By rights, New York should have destroyed itself long ago, from panic or fire or rioting or failure of some vital supply line." The predictions have always been wrong. New Yorkers have always drawn smug contentment from their errors, that somehow they and their city have managed to endure, sometimes even prevail. The contentment is about all that is left. A few months ago, Abe Beame was delivering one of his patented "how great the city is" speeches. He concluded with a litany of all the geniuses, artists, writers, scientists and humanitarians who have sprung from the city's streets. It was an impressive roster. Watching the mayor on television,an irrepressible New York cabbie couldn't help piping up. "Da mayor didn't mention one thing," he smirked. "What was that?" a reporter asked. The cabbie smiled and took a sip of his beer. "All them people moved." ●

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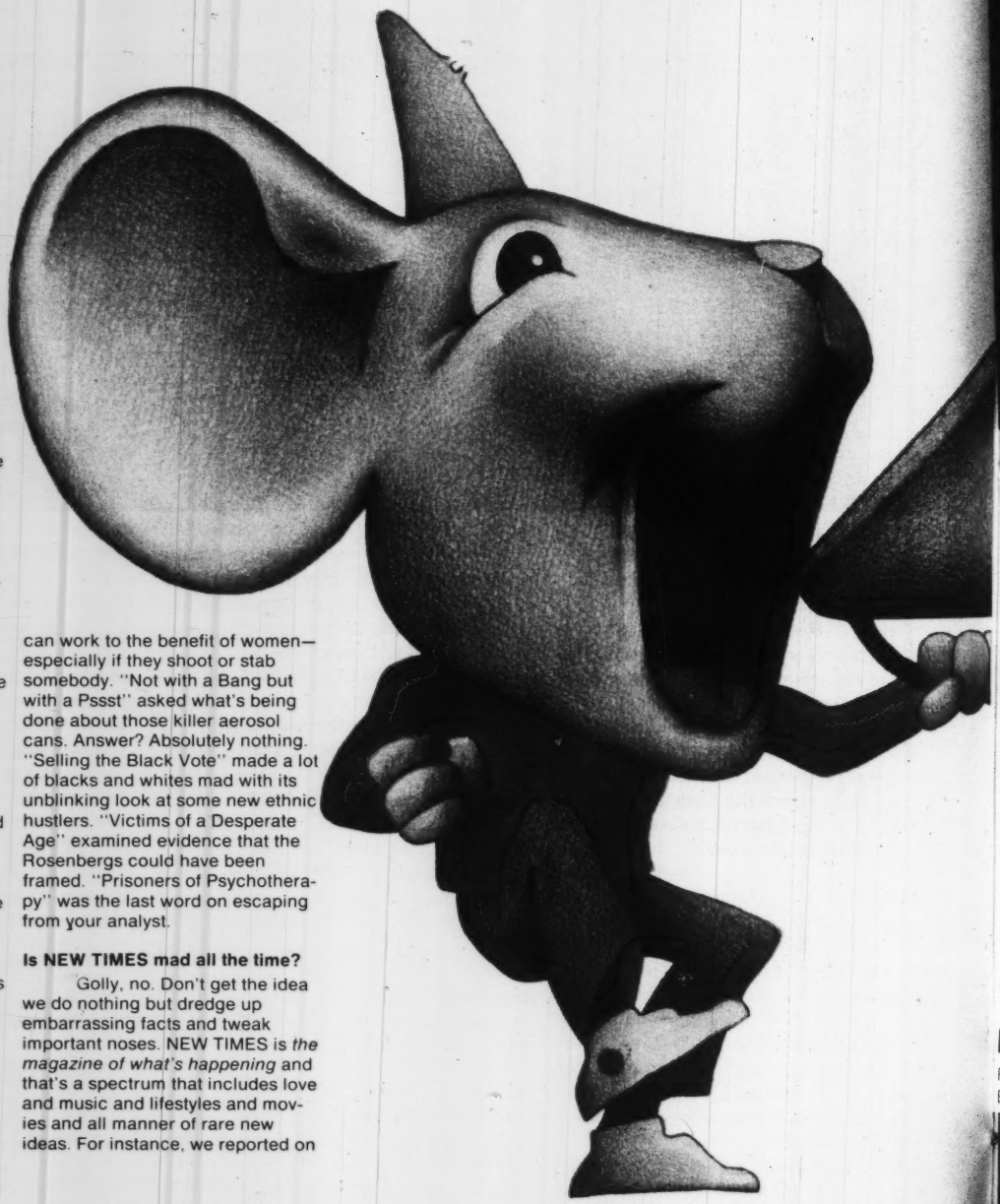

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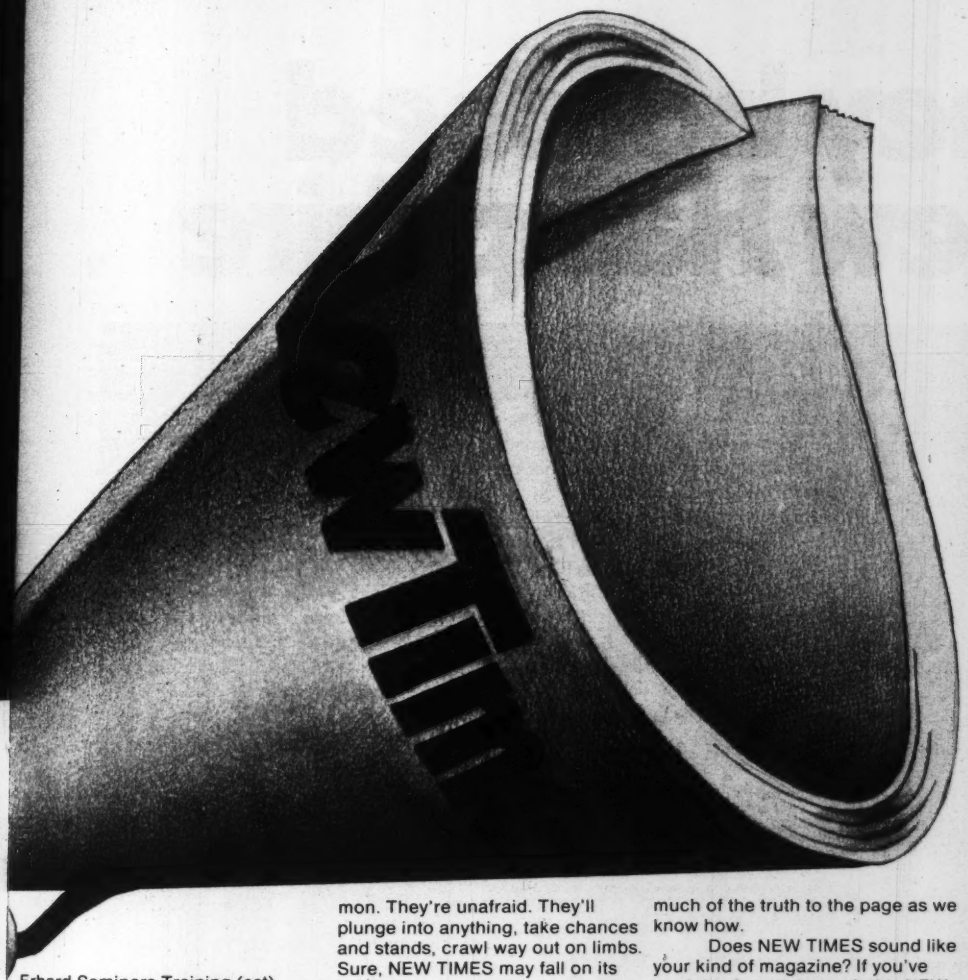

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NewTimes

The Mouse that Roars

They bombed in New Hampshire

By Andrew Schneider

The "silly season" started early in New Hampshire this year. It's been going on with varied degrees of intensity, interest and mudslinging since a very cold night last November, when it became obvious that the Granite State voters couldn't decide which of the two lackluster senatorial candidates they liked least. So, with only two votes separating the opponents, the race was declared a tie.

The "silly season," like leap year, normally rolls around every four years. It comes in March, before a presidential election, as the horde of hand-pumping political hopefuls descends on New Hampshire for the first presidential primary. For a few weeks, the state's bars are packed, the hotels are full and every factory with at least two workers can hope for a visit by the next president of the United States.

Yet here it is only September, and if it weren't for the trees changing color, it might be March. Even the black belt media groupies and the heavy-habit political junkies are showing signs of mental abuse. The Republican Party, determined to prove that Watergate is a dead issue, has decided to open the 1976 campaign a few months early.

The week before the September 16 election, a 25-ring, GOP-sponsored circus and a side show of questionable utility swept into the already confused political atmosphere of New Hampshire. The side show arrived first. About 2,500 people, clutching yellow, giveaway tickets that boasted "Wyman Victory Rally," crowded into the armory in Manchester to hear the almost-announced Republican presidential candidate, Ronald Reagan.

As the former governor of California waited in the wings, a dozen New Hampshire GOP luminaries, who normally don't associate with each other, flocked to the stage and pleaded for a Republican victory and "unity above all." A barbershop quartet sang their entire repertoire of religious songs, followed by a group of red saddle-shoed cheerleaders who attempted to lead the crowd in endless Wyman-modified football cheers. As New Hampshire's arch-conservative governor, Meldrim Thomson, an avid and vocal Reagan supporter, led the well-tanned Californian through the cheering mob, he said, "Ronnie was so pleased at his welcome, I thought he was gonna announce right there on the spot." But he didn't.

Standing beneath drooping red, white and blue streamers, Ronald Reagan gave a 43-minute lecture on conservatism. Hammering his points home with repeated raps on the podium, Reagan read lengthy lists of government spending statistics, separated only by a collection of jokes that were old when *Death Valley Days* was still a hit show. If it weren't for the fact that a "Wyman for Senate" banner hung atop the stage, the alleged purpose of the rally might have been completely forgotten.

The longest-running show in American politics closed down last week, but not before Ford and Reagan had made cameo appearances

Reagan's performance was no surprise to Wyman. Publicly, the senatorial hopeful said, "I'd welcome anyone who wanted to come up here and say nice things about me." But privately, it was a different story. To close friends, Wyman admitted that he was unhappy that GOP luminaries were using his battle as a springboard to further their own presidential ambitions. Of greater concern was Wyman's belief that the appearance of the ultra-conservative Reagan, which Governor Thomson had arranged, would alienate the state's many Independents and moderate Republicans, whose votes he needed for victory.

White House political strategists apparently acknowledged the same potential danger, for it was soon announced that the President would visit the Granite State on the day following Reagan's appearance. Intentional or not, the plan obviously worked. For the morning newspapers that were being read as Air Force One landed in New Hampshire carried, at most, only a brief mention that Reagan had spoken the night before, with most of the space devoted to the plans for the presidential visit.

Watching the impressive silver and blue presidential jet coast onto the runway at the Keene, N.H., airport, Lou Wyman smiled broadly but said nothing when reporters asked him whether he was disturbed that the White House one-upmanship had wiped out nearly all effects of the Reagan rally. Standing almost at attention as the President bounded down the ramp, Wyman grabbed Ford's hand and said, "Thank you very much for coming." And with that brief welcome, Wyman and Gerald Ford started off on the longest presidential road show in history.

With the same meticulous planning that accompanies any successful combat operation, the White House and Wyman tacticians carefully planned an assault that would "flaunt the big gun"

Andrew Schneider is a free-lance writer based in New Hampshire.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW SCHNEIDER

It was dark when the GOP circus reached Portsmouth, but Louis Wyman was still telling voters why he was their man.

along a 120-mile route from Keene, near the Vermont border, to Portsmouth, on the coast, passing through numerous towns like Nashua, Salem and Exeter, where Wyman's opponent, John Durkin, had gleaned a greater number of votes in the last election.

Over 100,000 people (one-eighth of the state's population) came out to watch the presidential motorcade wind through the rolling hills of southern New Hampshire, but it would be naive to believe that the record attendance was politically motivated. Pressed against the security ropes with 15,000 other people in the town square in Keene, a woman in her early 30s said, "I didn't come out to see Gerry Ford, I came out to see the President. I really don't care if he's the Boston Strangler, as long they play 'Hail to the Chief' when he walks in."

The President did his best. But from the start it became obvious that few people wanted to hear anyone, even the Chief Executive, remind them of the never-ending, over-publicized battle for the U.S. Senate. Wyman usually waited by the car, frequently standing alone, as his longtime friend and former colleague pushed in and "worked the crowds." A White House aide was heard telling Wyman at one of the stops, "You've got elbows, fight your way in there and shake some hands. There are a lot of people out there." But Wyman just smiled and said, "It's his show."

The President was enjoying his day in the country. The crowds were extremely large and friendly, and the cool New England weather highlighted the early-turning red maples. If it were not for the National Guard helicopter circling overhead, the endless fields of bright goldenrod patrolled by machine-gun-armed security men and the President perspiring profusely under the recently added weight of a bullet-proof vest, the convoy of 19 vehicles might have passed for a fall foliage tour. But politics, not colored leaves, was the order of the day.

Standing near a gazebo in Milford,

N.H., President Ford urged the voters to do everything possible to maintain a strong two-party system. A 73-year-old farmer sitting on the steps of the town hall shook his head and said, "Hell, I never thought I'd live long enough to hear a Republican president tell us we had to let the damn Democrats vote."

That's how it went, mile after mile, hour after hour. The motorcade slowed to a crawl every time it passed a group gathered at a crossroads, and every intersection had such a gathering. A cluster of men building a road near Dublin, N.H., rapidly removed their yellow hard hats as the President hopped out of his car and walked over to say hello. Secret Service men and grim-faced local town cops, whose minds were permeated with visions of being the next instant hero to save the President's life, expressed great concern and amazement at the way Ford rushed into the crowd at every stop. By the time the entourage had reached the seacoast, it was dark. Although the only illumination came from the headlights of cars still clustered at the intersections, the President and his host violated all the rules of proper security and chose to continue waving from the slide-back roof of the presidential car.

A little before 9:30 p.m., after almost 12 hours and 120 miles, the day ended. As he watched Air Force One take off a quarter of a mile away, on the far runway of Pease Air Force Base, Wyman waved into the darkness and said, "A guy can't do any more than Gerry did for me today. Gee, he's a great guy."

While the Republican candidate made the long drive back to his home in Manchester, N.H., his campaign staff was holding a midnight meeting in the parking lot of his headquarters in Concord, comparing notes and desperately searching for any indication of what effect the visits of the GOP's biggest guns would have on the election.

About the same time, John Durkin, the Democratic candidate, was also returning to his home in Manchester. While Wyman was riding with the President and dining with Reagan, Durkin had continued his 15-to-18-hour-a-day schedule of visiting radio stations, factories and assorted clubs and gatherings. At least ten times that day, he'd repeated that he didn't think the visits of the GOP heavies would really affect the outcome of the election. Just as often, he'd explained his refusal to accept the offers of help from leading Democrats by saying, "I think the days are gone when big political names or movie stars will draw enough votes to affect an election. Endorsements don't mean any more today for politicians than they do for toothpaste."

"Hell," he continued, "Ted Kennedy offered to come up and campaign for me or against me, depending on which I thought would do the most good, but this is a state race and should only be decided by comparing my abilities to Mr. Wyman's and not on whether Reagan can draw a bigger crowd than Kennedy." As he walked into his house, he told a reporter who'd followed him home, "It's been a hell of a long race and we've run it twice. I really don't think the President, Santa Claus or God himself can make a New Hampshire voter change his mind."

Durkin was at least right about one thing. It has been a hell of a long race. It's been ten months since the election night when both candidates realized something was wrong.

It was well after midnight on that November night and the strain was showing on everyone. John Durkin put his hands over his face, rubbed his eyes and quietly said, "Okay. Let's count them again. Just one more time." The closet-sized room on the top floor of the old house he was using as a headquarters was packed with supporters, friends and relatives, but the only sound that could be heard was the nonstop lighting of cigarettes and the quiet tapping of fingers on a half dozen calculators. One by one, broad smiles spread across the faces of the exhausted volunteers as six sets of identical numbers glowed on the machines and confirmed their hopes: The vote totals being counted at election center were wrong, or at least vastly different from the figures the Durkin poll watchers were phoning in.

A reporter stuck his head in the door and, in a tired, pleading voice, said, "C'mon John. We're all waiting and it's getting late." Durkin's bloodshot eyes flashed over the collection of calculators before him. He looked up, banged on the table and said, "If you're waiting for a concession statement, you're going to have to wait a hell of a lot longer. This damn election is still a horse race."

Three hours later and six blocks away, in his Manchester headquarters, Louie Wyman was doing a poor job of playing the part of the exuberant victor. Although it had been hours since the wire services had declared him New Hampshire's newest senator, he nevertheless was having a difficult time hiding his disappointment that just 1,300 votes separated him from Durkin. The news director of the local TV station waited impatiently for Wyman to arrive for the traditional "Thank you for your support" speech, but with sign-off rapidly approaching, he decided to call Wyman and ask for at least a few comments over the phone. He got his dime's worth.

Onlookers clustered at isolated crossroads along Ford's 120-mile motorcade route.

The handful of people awake and watching TV at 3:00 a.m. that snowy morning didn't hear the expected sugar-sweet praise and thanks that usually flows from a gloating newly elected politician. Instead they heard ten minutes of unbroken denunciation from a bitter, frustrated and extremely angry winner. In a burst of honest emotion, rarely seen in today's political arena, Lou Wyman blasted the voters of Portsmouth, the site of two military bases he'd "kept open," and Manchester, his home town, for failing to support him over Durkin. He ended his heated remarks by saying, "I won't forget this."

By sunrise, both candidates were heading home, Wyman confident that he'd won and Durkin convinced that he hadn't lost. It had been a long night, but

Stiff and perspiring in a bullet-proof vest, President Ford speaks in Keene.

neither man realized that it was just the start of the longest election night in history.

During the first six weeks after the election, the two men watched the "final official returns" take more erratic bounces than a dented ping-pong ball. Wyman's 1,300-vote lead narrowed to 355, but ten days later, when two small towns admitted they had erred in their figures, his lead jumped to 542. But the joy in the Republican camp was short-lived, for, later that same week, the New Hampshire secretary of state completed his recount and shocked just about everyone by declaring that Durkin, and not Wyman, was the winner—but by only ten votes.

Ronald Reagan joins a Wyman cheer.

Durkin, who was driving down the main street of Concord when he heard the news over the radio, became so excited that he crashed into the car ahead of him. But it was fortunate that the Durkin family didn't rush out and buy a house in Washington, for,on Christmas Eve, the New Hampshire ballot law commission announced that they had just carefully examined the ballots, and their count showed that, with a two-vote margin, Louis Wyman was again the winner.

The United States Senate came back from their holiday vacation and found that the decision of exactly who was to be their 100th member had been dropped squarely in their laps. Although the Senate had previously successfully decided the outcome of 27 other contested or closely matched races, this time they failed. For seven months, Durkin, Wyman and several dozen boxes of used paper ballots were bounced back and forth between a wide assortment of Senate committees. But partisan bickering kept the matter from being resolved. So on July 30, the day before the start of their August vacations and just three hours before they quietly slipped through a pay raise for themselves, the U.S. senators declared their 100th seat vacant, and the closest congressional race in American history returned to the voters of New Hampshire.

If Republican Louis Wyman or Democrat John Durkin felt he'd been sleeping through a very long, bad dream, neither man wasted any time in rubbing the sand out of his eyes and gearing up for the new election of September 16. Wyman, a former five-term congressman, immediately cleared the air by admitting, "We've got to go through this again because I really goofed off last time. I didn't bother to campaign, I didn't work to get out the vote; hell, I didn't do much of anything. The polls and my friends said I had it in the bag, but somewhere along the way the bag broke."

A feeling of worried desperation permeated the constantly feuding New Hampshire Republican Party. Seventy-five-year-old Norris Cotton, who came out of retirement to temporarily reoccupy his unfilled U.S. Senate seat, told a gathering of party leaders, "Get with it. A Wyman loss could shatter the party so badly that it would be generations before we could hope to seat another GOP office-holder in this state." Apparently acknowledging the truth in Cotton's statement, the Republican National Committee jumped in and urged George Young, a political strategist from Los Angeles who'd previously spearheaded successful campaigns for Reagan and then-Congressman Gerry Ford, to come to the Granite State and run Wyman's second attempt.

A new campaign manager also led the Durkin effort. Joe Grandmaison, the young tactician who skillfully orchestrated George McGovern's surprising New Hampshire showing in the '72 race, signed on to head up the Durkin team. Since his arrival, it has become a team with the full number of players. They're embarrassed when they're asked about it, but many of the volunteers who crowded by Durkin headquarters during the rerun reluctantly admit that they didn't work for the candidate last fall, because they thought he didn't have a chance of winning. Because of the strong belief that he couldn't win, Durkin felt he was unable to get the support needed to fight a proper battle. He said, "I must have had the smell of a loser. I was underplayed by the press, shunned by the usual Democratic workers and passed over by the contributors."

"We were so close," the 39-year-old lawyer recalled. "Louie was coming down like the Graf-Zeppelin. If I had had the money to properly advertise during that week before the election, we would've won overwhelmingly." Shrugging his shoulders, he added, "But the money, and the faith, just wasn't there."

Wyman and Durkin started the 40-day rerun election with money and campaign organization just about even. Both camps agreed that the race would be decided on the streets, and that's where the candidates turned their attention, with Wyman, of course, getting a little help from his friends. One of Wyman's most vocal friends was *Union-Leader* publisher William Loeb, who launched daily and often brutal front-page editorial assaults on Durkin and his staff. Loeb reached an all-time low when he published a letter to the editor full of obscenities and threats. Although the message was unsigned, Loeb printed it under the headline "A Durkin Supporter."

On the issues, the candidates were hard to tell apart. So the campaign talk soon degenerated into volleys of muddy accusations of incompetent past performances and nefarious current supporters. Wyman charged that Durkin, during his five years as state insurance commissioner, had almost destroyed Blue Cross by refusing to authorize rate increases. He also stressed that most of the Democrats' money was contributed by out-of-town labor unions. Durkin countered by claiming that big businessmen, especially oil company executives, had filled the coffers of the Wyman cam-

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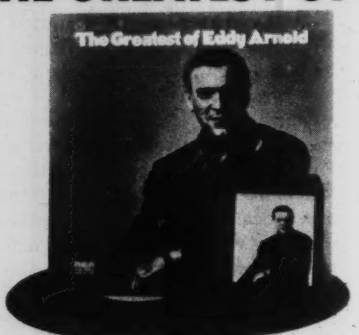

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paign. Durkin said that Wyman would put the interests of his patrons before the needs of the state's citizens.

Although both candidates expressed opposition to gun control, Wyman forces fired off the last shot by mailing an election eve form letter written by a board member of the National Rifle Association to 70,000 of the state's hunters and gun owners. The letter declared that despite the Democratic candidate's denials, a Durkin victory would "promote gun confiscation laws."

But the gun-control scare and the GOP barnstorming tour did not decide the election. On Tuesday night, an exhausted but euphoric John Durkin stood in the hallway outside the ballroom of a Manchester hotel as 1,000 jubilant Democratic volunteers, who aren't used to winning in New Hampshire, alternated endless choruses of "Happy Days Are Here Again" with deafening screams of "We want John." Durkin had been elected. For the first time since 1854, New Hampshire had two Democratic senators.

Shoving the hair out of his eyes for the hundredth time that night, Durkin said, "Thank God it's over. You can't imagine what it's like living for ten months guided by the constant fear that the hand I didn't shake, the factory I didn't visit or the stupid remark that might slip out at the end of a 20-hour day might cost me the votes I needed for victory."

As it turned out, America's newest senator had little to worry about. Contrary to all expectations, the race was not a squeaker. Although the candidate of Wallace's American Party, Carmen C. Chimento, tripled his showing of last November by grabbing 4 percent of the vote, he didn't have the impact that last-minute analysts had predicted. Durkin won a clear majority of 53 percent. The runner-up, Wyman, received only 43 percent of the ballots. Even with Chimento's votes, Wyman would have lost.

Every city on President Ford's motorcade route voted for Durkin. In fact, all but 5 of the 25 communities that Ford visited wound up in the Democratic camp. "I only hope that President Ford campaigns against all the Democratic candidates next year," an exultant Durkin told his cheering followers.

An NBC poll of 1,700 voters at 60 polling spots indicated that a Watergate-related issue was first in the voters' minds. Among the heap of the Nixon Administration embarrassments was a tidbit involving New Hampshire's Republican candidate. Lou Wyman had acted as an intermediary between the White House and Eva Farkas, the owner of a department-store chain who became ambassador to Luxembourg after she contributed $300,000 to the Nixon campaign. Although Durkin had zeroed in on this potentially juicy scandal in the last election, he ignored it as irrelevant this September. But the press, and apparently the voters, had not forgotten. Their memories were refreshed late last month when Wyman suddenly disappeared, canceling a full schedule of campaign appearances. Where was he? Taking time off to rest, his press secretary said at first. Taking care of personal business, another staffer said later. Then word leaked out that he was in Washington. Raising money, came the new word from the campaign staff. That's what Wyman was doing in Washington.

In a Newport gun factory, John Durkin (top) discusses gun control. Louis Wyman tries out a motorcycle before addressing a rally of cyclists in Allanstown.

But that's not what Wyman was doing in Washington. He was there to testify before the Watergate special prosecutor, Henry Ruth, about the Farkas connection. Wyman finally announced the truth in a press release. At the same time, he demanded that the special prosecutor publish a letter clearing him or accusing him. Privately, Wyman staff workers confessed that if the candidate had thought there was any chance of getting a letter, he would never have asked for one. Bad planning. Wyman got his letter. In it, Ruth pointed out that an investigation was not the same as an indictment. He added, however, that the investigation of Wyman was continuing.

So Watergate was not a dead issue in New Hampshire. The two other topics that, according to the NBC poll, concerned the public amounted to more bad news for the Republican Party. Voters didn't like Wyman's ties to big business, and they disapproved of his pro-Administration vote to end price controls on oil. Asked if his defeat was an indictment of the President, Wyman said, "I don't think this should be taken as a repudiation of President Ford but rather as a repudiation of Lou Wyman." If he had won, of course, the Republican would be whistling a different tune—perhaps "Hail to the Chief." Instead, no Republicans are whistling. The news from New Hampshire is that Nixon's coattails are longer than Ford's. ●

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Sticking to the union

By Wayne Slater

That ingrate! That rabble-rouser! He's here at the edge of the most catastrophic event in the long and bloody history of the coalfields and he seems quite casual about it, so . . . *cool* in the way he grins out from under the Army green fatigue cap with the Donald Duck bill curled up and the UMWA bumper sticker glued on. This here gawdamned wildcat coal strike is entering its fourth week and there are babies hungry and some of the men are ugly and impatient to get back into the mines and the operators are looking to lynch somebody, and still Delano is pushing. Delano!

So rawboned handsome, so impetuous, so idealistic and grinning and mustachioed, so primitive, so rugged, so cool. *Delano.* His name is like magic in the coalfields these days. Everybody's out to get him—the federal marshals, the courts, the coal operators, the old guys with 26 years' service—everybody wants a piece of Skip Delano's young ass. Even the United Mine Workers of America, his own union, says he's going to break the bank if this wildcat walkout continues. That's the catastrophic thing, really, the possibility of breaking the union. It's scary because it's not just any union, you understand, not just some gaggle of garment workers or chauffeurs or something. This here is the hallowed UMWA with 60 years of hard-fighting Appalachian history. And it's scary because the union has been newly democratized, thanks mainly to that good old boy from up at Ohley, namely West Virginia's own Arnold Miller, the disabled coal miner who threw out the corrupt regime of UMWA President Tony Boyle back in 1972. Arnold has introduced a host of reforms: more emphasis on safety, a new grievance procedure, real honesty and the biggest dose of freedom and democracy the rank-and-file has ever known. All this, and suddenly you've got a crippling coal mine strike and a $1.2 million fine against the union. And it's all because Skip Delano is testing the parameters, crazy Delano and his right-to-strike boys, the young radicals, armed and mad-eyed, shaking the Corinthian foundations of old Arnold Miller's rule, roving at midnight across the Appalachian coalfields with shotguns on the dashboards and shutting down every portal from Pittsburgh to Louisville. Ingrate!

Last month in Appalachia, Skip Delano and his wildcat coal miners tested the limits of "the right to strike"—and found there were some

"The international union says we can't win, but when we get them down and they're out of coal, then we've got them," says Skip Delano, who at this very moment in the history of West Virginia trade unionism is standing in the back end of a powder blue Chevy pickup with the precipitous mountains of Drawdy Falls rising up on all sides of him and the afternoon August sun crashing off his teeth in a vainglorious pre-apocalyptic blaze.

"It's always been that way and we're almost here. Our daddies fought for the right to strike and won it. They fought for black lung and won it. That's the way things are: If you want something, you've got to fight for it. There'll be no work 'til we get the right to strike."

There are signs everywhere: "The Strike Has Made Us Strong," "Hard Times Are Fighting Times," "Reopen the Contract." There are atomic orange "Strike" bumper stickers on the vans and pickups lined a quarter mile down U.S. 119. A huge, red banner is stretched between two pine posts on the bank above and the truck where Skip is speaking. It says "We Demand the Right To Strike."

"By tonight, I guarantee you, West

Wayne Slater is a reporter with the Associated Press in Charleston, West Virginia.

Virginia will be shut down as tight as can be," Skip says, pausing to let " . . . *tight as can be"* echo back from the outcroppings across the highway. "Nobody works around here. If you do, you're going against the majority and you're a scab. Once West Virginia is shut down, we'll start working our way back into Ohio, Pennsylvania and Kentucky."

". . . *And Kentucky,"* echo the mountains of Drawdy Falls.

"Shut 'em down," shouts this old boy in a yellow Caterpillar ballcap, and the mountains answer, ". . . *Shut 'em down."*

"People didn't understand before, but this time they'll know they're going out for the right to strike," says Skip, who is grinning broadly through his black

All it takes is a couple hundred roving pickets and you can shut down most of the Appalachian coalfields in a week

mustache as he looks over about 200 strike-happy coal miners, all hollering and stomping on the slate-black parking lot and generally letting the juices flow.

He knows that's all it takes, just a couple hundred roving pickets, and you can shut down most of the Appalachian coalfields in a week, which is exactly what they were doing.

Skip Delano and the right-to-strike boys didn't start the massive August-September coal strike that crippled the nation's coal production, but they certainly perpetuated it. The strike actually began at one mine in Logan County when some jackleg mine boss fired a local union president for something vague and now forgotten. The men were incensed about it and they carried their walkout into neighboring counties and then across southern West Virginia and, ultimately, into surrounding states.

All this was easy enough because UMWA tradition forbids the crossing of a picket line, *any* picket line. An old woman with an eye chart can pull men off a shift or two anywhere in the coalfields with no problem. As the strike spread, its focus broadened until the key issues became discontent over the union's grievance procedure, which miners said was too slow, and use of court injunctions by coal companies. The latter was a practice that miners saw as judicial interference by white-throated slickers from Charleston in a local union-management affair.

It wasn't until a couple of weeks into the walkout that the right-to-strikers got involved. There were dozens of contacts between the union hierarchy and representatives of the rank-and-file, all aimed at getting the men back to work. And after meetings and joint sessions and conferences and telegrams and appeals and agreements—after the other matters had been discussed and more or less resolved, there remained only one issue: the right of a coal miner to strike over a local grievance.

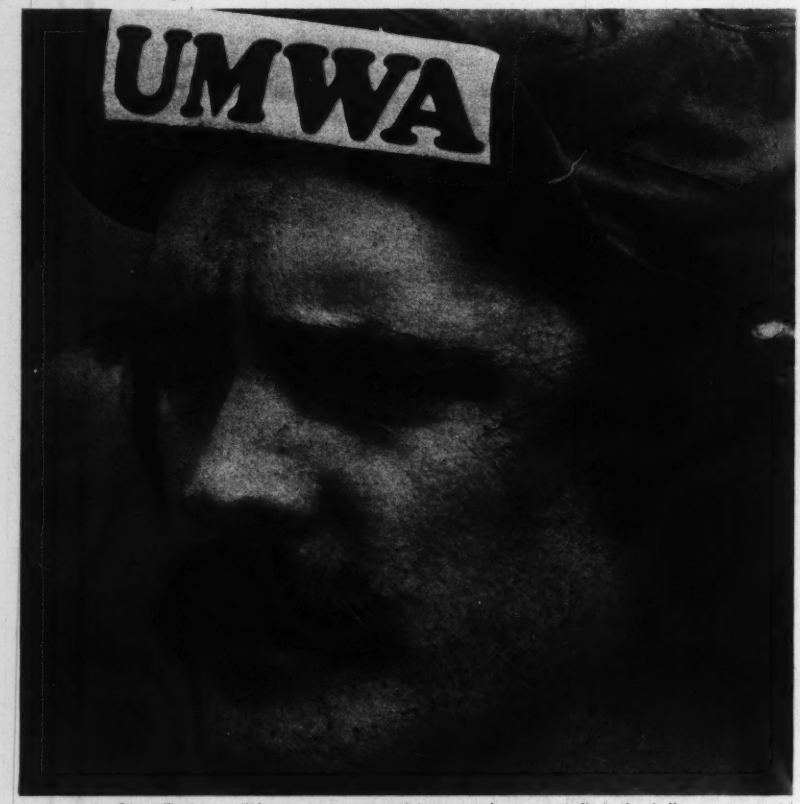
Under the union contract, as defined by recent U.S. Supreme Court rulings, coal miners could not strike. They could "withdraw" from any portal they felt to be unsafe, but they weren't allowed to strike. Local disagreements were to be worked out through the new grievance procedure in the 1974 contract.

But then this is all so, well, so tedious. The specific issues of the strike—the firing, court injunctions, a slow-moving grievance procedure, the right to strike—all these carefully articulated woes were different from one another in a single regard—the probability of being resolved. For example, the chance of settling the circumstances surrounding the suspension of a miner was excellent. Of greasing the wheels of the grievance machinery or of discouraging coal companies from using so many injunctions—pretty good. But this right-to-strike business was something else. There was no way short of reopening the 1974 contract that it was possible, and even then. . . .

In short, it was nearly impossible to win that demand. The union knew it, the industry knew it, the rank-and-file appeared to know it. But it was like Skip Delano and the right-to-strike boys were out to lunch or something.

Naaaaaawwwww. That ain't it at all, buddy, Lacy Workman is saying with his deep brown Armenian eyes in the way he rolls them around in mock disgust. "We think we can get the thing. Why, if the nation was out with us instead of just West Virginia and a few other states, why we'd have the operators crawling on their bellies begging us to go back to work. Then we'd get it."

"Yea, then we'd get it," repeats Specs. "This thing'd be over by now." Specs is also standing out front of the dingy white cinderblock Right to Strike Center in downtown Madison. He is a few years younger than Lacy, probably in his mid-20s with short, rust-colored hair and



PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM TIERNAN

Skip Delano: "If you want something, you've got to fight for it."

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM TIERNAN

A strikers' march in Charleston erupted into an ugly clash with police; Delano, in a T-shirt, is at the front of the photo.

black horn-rims and this angelic face that belies his five years' experience in the mines. Cole is also hanging around outside. Cole is a veteran of long years in the Boone County coal mines. His face is deeply lined and the mottled hollows of his cheeks are drawn in tightly against the mandible and zygomatic arch. There are other older miners in the right-to-strike movement, everybody assures you, but only Cole is around today. At the end of his right arm, where the hand is supposed to be, there is a metal hook and clamp.

"Lost my hand in the mines, y'know. Tried to get me to take a company job after that, but I knowed what would have happened. They'd have kept me a year or two and then out on my tail and warn't nothing I could do about it. I'd a been a company man and I'd a been out."

In Appalachia, the protection and security of the union is all-pervasive. The divine psyche of the mountain man is divided into two parts: union and company. There is no middle ground. In a region where there is only right and wrong, black and white, it is natural that there be only two faces to the great god Commerce.

Cole is interested in the tradition of the strike. Following the bloody organizing wars of the first couple of decades, it has served the union well. When old John L. Lewis ran the UMWA between 1920 and 1960, it did more than any other tool to preserve and strengthen the union, and so Cole is naturally upset that miners really don't have the right to strike. Moreover, he doesn't like it that a federal judge in Charleston has granted dozens of injunctions and has levied more than $1 million in fines and is generally letting the operators run amok in efforts to break the walkout.

"Without the strike you ain't got nothing," Cole is saying with this absolute sense of rectitude. And he believes it. They all believe it—Lacy and Specs and Cole and all those who are inside the center where they have food and clothing to help miners survive the strike. They all believe in this cause which the top union bosses in Washington, Arnold Miller included, say is impossible, a cause so ambitious, so primitive, so . . . radical. History!

"This is like Blair Mountain," Specs is saying. "Y'know what happened up on Blair Mountain, don't you? Biggest damned organizing war there was. There was an army of miners against an army of guards and when it was over there was people laying everywhere—dead." Specs is reaching down into his Copenhagen can and is collecting about three pinch fingers of snuff, which he places between his gum and bottom lip. "Why, the companies had airplanes and was bombing and everything."

And it is like Blair Mountain, sort of. That was back in 1921, of course, on the evening of Aug. 24, when an army of 6,000 well-armed coal miners moved out of Lens Creek camp about 65 miles north of Logan. Their avowed purpose was to hang strongman Don Chafin, the captain of a band of company goons who protected the mines from organizing efforts. After they had Chafin dangling from a tree, they would overthrow martial law and liberate all strikers and union organizers held in jail and unionize all mines in Mingo and Logan counties. That was the plan. The governor asked the president for federal troops and warned the leaders of the rebellion that they would be charged with treason, and still they came, 6,000 strong, armed and mad-eyed, marching across the southern West Virginia coalfields at midnight. And leading them was "General" Bill Blizzard, a rabble-rouser barely out of his teens. They fought for three days at the crest of Blair Mountain about ten miles southwest of Drawdy Falls, three days of a pitched battle with machine guns, tear gas bombs, butcher knives and hunting rifles. Finally, both sides withdrew in a standoff.

The battle became a symbol for miners and Bill Blizzard became something more. Dedicated and impetuous, rugged and uncompromising, exuding a perfect intergalactic cool, Blizzard reached the level of quintessential union man, which is to say he became . . . The Incarnation. He was one of the first in the coalfields to achieve this exalted position,

but there have been several since. They are men with an inner vision of what the union ought to be, often a radical view that transcends orthodox boundaries. They are wild men who were defined by events, often gritty and charismatic men who led seemingly impossible crusades. They were their cause incarnate.

Even Arnold Miller in his heyday, back in 1969 when he was a breakneck black lung activist, even old Arnold himself reached that level. But the Miller administration suffered the fate of any administration in power—it lost its radical edge. And just as Arnold is sinking back into his hip joints, there are radicals in the coalfields. Suddenly you have a band of reformists with their own vision, radicals more radical than the Miller reformists, who have now become the Miller establishment.

Suddenly you have a massive wildcat strike idling 80,000 coal miners in a half-dozen states. You have crazy mustachioed roving pickets with 30-30s and this kinky streak of absolute abandon. During a march in downtown Charleston, they clash with police in an ugly five-minute session of serious head-busting. And in the center of everything is Skip Delano in his Donald Duck fatigue cap, grinning and laughing and urging the boys on, reaching for the title, the honor, identifying totally with the cause, bidding for his place in history, hoping, sweating, *dying* to become in one electric transcendent moment . . . The Incarnation.

"The thing I worry about most is the babies. They're the ones who's getting hurt by the strike. They're the ones who's hungry."

It is Phyllis Bruce, a great rotund mountain woman who has been pouring coffee and frying burgers for three weeks at the Red Barn. Shortly after the strike started, she got a job here in this backwoods Boone County drive-in, newly painted in hot-flash red with multicolored tubes of neon outside and a pine-paneled interior with Daisy the Cow decals on the walls above the griddle and a jukebox in the corner—sort of early Hi-Y.

"Our boys want to go back but these 'right-to-strikers' keep pulling us out"

"My husband's a miner and so's my brothers and they ain't worked in three weeks, ever since this strike started. We've done got his last paycheck until they start back to work. My husband and my brothers want to go back. They don't see that this thing, if it continues, is gonna get them anything."

Arnold Miller was banking on the hungry babies factor, the fact that no one had prepared for the strike, as an incentive for the men to return to work. He wanted an immediate end to the strike because it was embarrassing and pointed up just how little control he had over the boys in the coalfields. Industry, of course, wanted everybody back because it had lost in the first month somewhere between 5 and 7 million tons of coal production, an extremely serious situation at a time when the nation was looking toward energy self-sufficiency. On Sept. 5, Arnold decided it was time for a showdown, and so he called together every local UMWA president in the southern West Virginia coalfields for some heavy talking at a downtown Charleston hotel. The right-to-strikers didn't want to return to their jobs, that was clear, but they probably wouldn't be represented at this meeting. So the real question was: What would he hear from the rank-and-file?

LISTEN UP! LISTEN UP! HERE! NO, HERE! OVER HERE! LISTEN TO ME! NO, ME! HERE! ME! ME! ME! ME! LISTEN UP! LISTEN UP!—

HEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYY! Now, let's one brother at a time speak, okay? Harry Patrick, secretary-treasurer of the UMWA, a sort of pie-faced pugilistic sort of fellow struggling under an imposed sense of dignity which his office requires, old roundhouse Harry is hollering into the microphone for

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO L. CHABOT

UMW President Arnold Miller at the September 5 showdown meeting that led to the strike's collapse the next morning.

everybody in the meeting to shut up. Arnold is sitting at the dais to the right with red-rimmed eyes from lack of sleep. Harry talks for a while and says how the important issues in the strike pretty much have been solved. He says a ten-member umpire committee has been named for Charleston-based District 17, the heartland of the strike, so grievances can be handled smoothly. And he suggests that because of the four-week walkout, operators will pause in the future before leaping for court injunctions. Moreover, industry has agreed to a joint committee with the union to investigate gripes in the coalfields.

One week before, Arnold had been shouted down during a similar meeting in nearby Marmet, and so nobody is particularly anxious to open the floor this afternoon. But suddenly in the middle of everything, even before Arnold has a chance to speak, the room explodes. Everybody wants to say something. Suddenly there are 250 screaming, pounding, boot-stamping coal miners, all vying for the floor, and roundhouse Harry is hollering into the microphone for one brother at a time to speak.

"The problem as I see it is not you guys, but it's these idiots on the picket line. I say they've kept us out too long. I say it's time to do something about it."

"Right!" says another miner on the floor of the ballroom. "Our boys want to go back, but these right-to-strikers keep pulling us out."

"Same with our boys."

"Yea. I say we don't have no guts unless we deal with these young radicals."

"They'll turn us into bums."

"They'll break the union." "Get 'em." "Yea!"

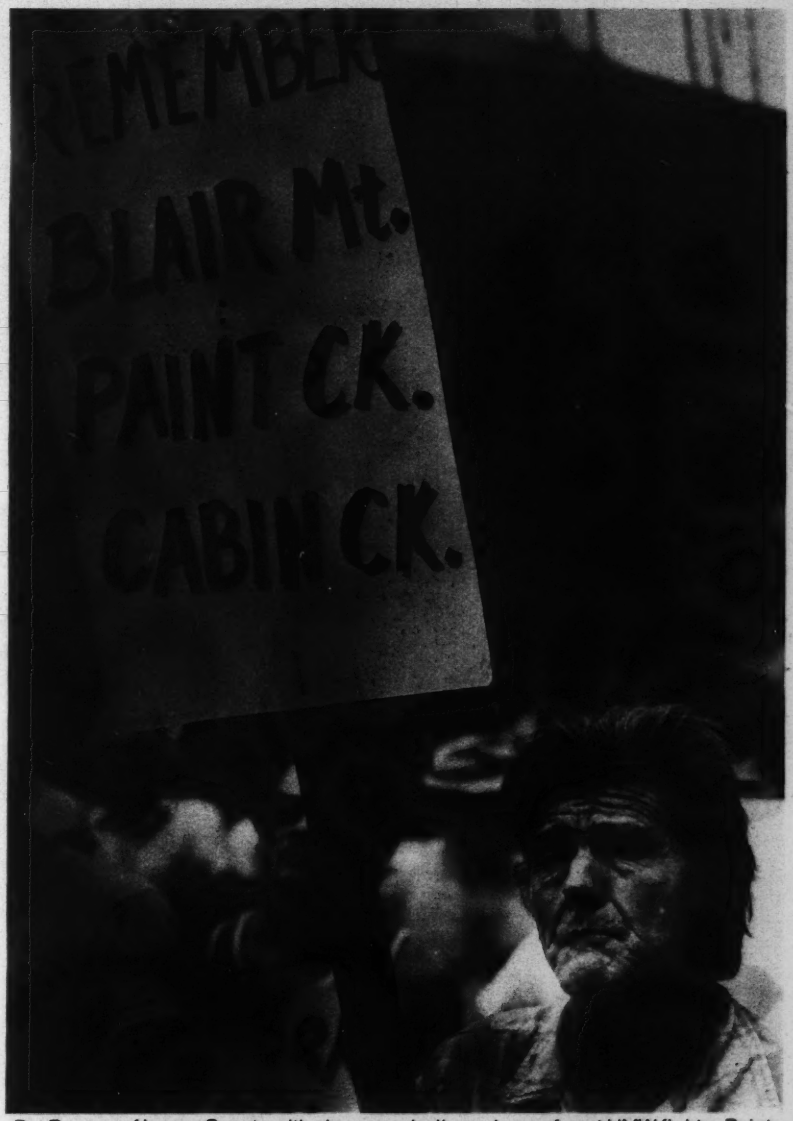
"I say we've got all we can get outta this strike. Let's go back to work!"

Arnold Miller is stunned. He can't believe his ears. These men are overwhelmingly—hell, unanimously—in favor of ending this walkout. And the sentiment here is so overpowering, so overwhelming—

Idiots! Radicals! Bums! Ingrates! Rabble-rousers!

—Arnold lets his jaw drop a bit and he just floats there behind the microphone with his mouth open and his eyes curiously distant. Plugged into another light-year.

And there before him on this grand CinemaScopic band stretching across the hotel ballroom above everybody's head is a vision of the week to come. Arnold sees the miners returning to work by the thousands. He sees how on Tuesday the coal operators take strike leaders Skip Delano and Bruce Miller to court and how a federal judge finds them guilty of contempt and sentences them to 179 days in jail.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO L. CHABOT

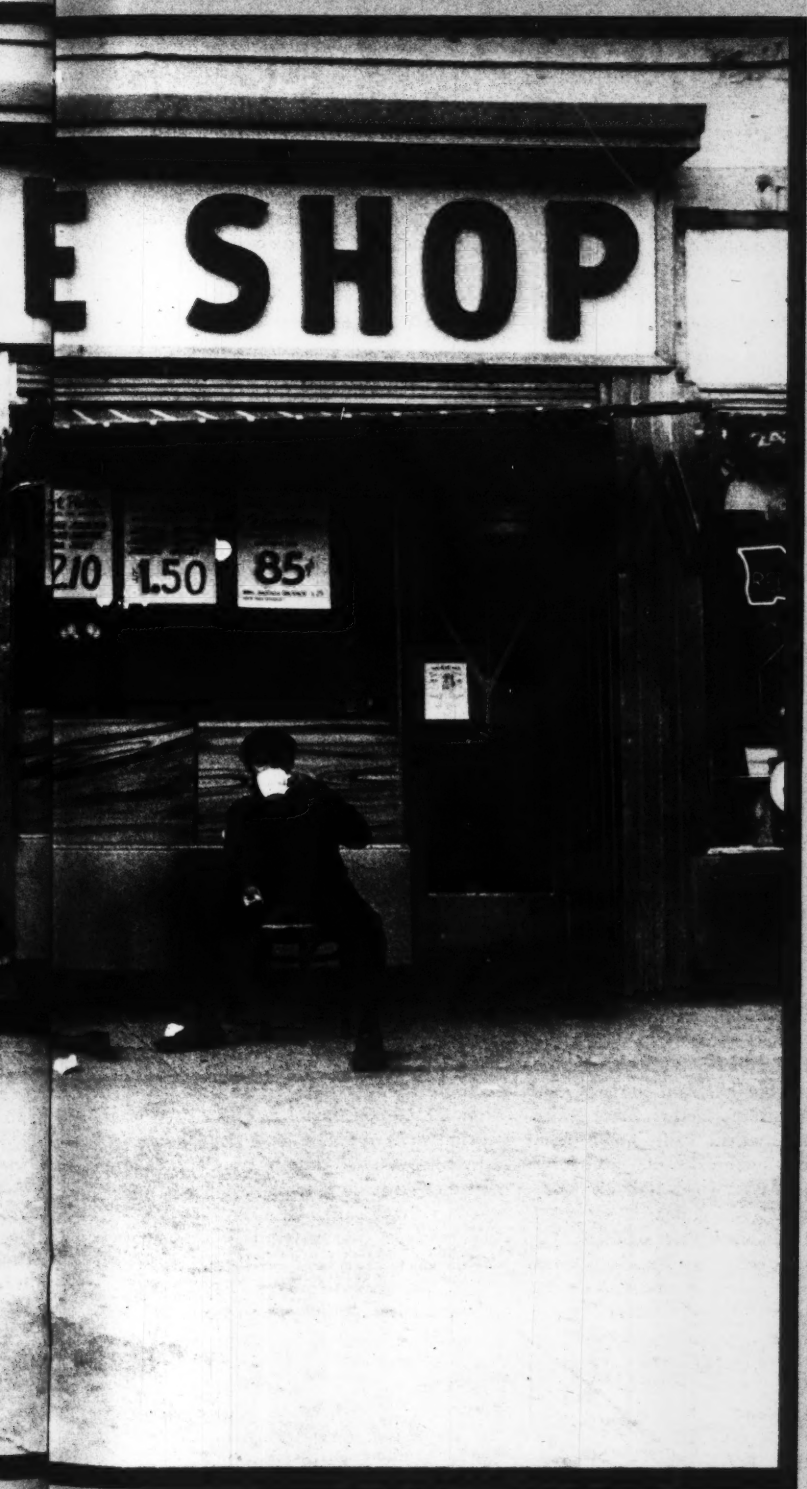
Pat Rogers of Logan County with signs reminding miners of past UMW fights. Paint Creek and Cabin Creek were under martial law because of union troubles in 1912.

It is all there, all in that rolling, flowing, magnificent vision, which, it turns out, is perfectly accurate. He is omniscient. The Appalachian coalfields will be pretty much back to normal. He has won, at least this time!

He brings a cigarette to his lips slowly, slowly, ever so slowly as he looks over his fellow miners, and he exults in this moment of achievement and considers how calm he is, how casual. He rolls his eyes closed in a cool instant and grins.

Only there's a dark edge to Arnold's vision. Something he can't see clearly. It is the *potential* for another strike, the possibility that with the right cause, at the right time, they could walk out again, for eight weeks or twelve weeks or longer. And then there are the facts Arnold pretends not to see. Skip Delano, out on bail by the week's end, finds himself without a job or money or power and face-to-face with the coal industry's blacklist. "I'll play hell ever getting back into the mines again," says Delano. "But there is still Specs and Cole and a hundred other outlaws in the coalfields, a hundred others who refuse to be assimilated, who will never be Arnold Miller's boys. I may have to move out and look for a job someplace else, but there's a movement here and you haven't seen the last of it." ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER ANGELO SIMON



coffee is

- ☐ drunk by 8 out of 10 American adults
- ☐ as addictive as cocaine
- ☐ the discovery of an Abyssinian goatherd
- ☐ the fourth-largest commodity in world trade
- ☐ harmful to people under stress
- ☐ good for your chess game
- ☑ all of the above

By Sonny Kleinfield

It has come to be called the "heavenly brew." Both socially and privately, it is indisputably the drink of choice among Americans. Eight out of ten adults drink it each and every day. We quaff three times more of it than we do soft drinks, four times more than beer. We drink 50 times more of it than hard liquor. We take it black and light, sweet and bitter, hot and iced. So much of it washes down the national gullet that the electric coffeemaker is this year expected to displace the trusty iron as the hottest-selling small appliance. Among those already purchased is a $12,000 behemoth that is capable, with ease, of brewing 587,520 cups a day. The superpot was bought to serve the annual convention of—what else?—Alcoholics Anonymous, whose members reportedly each empty more than 20 cups a day.

Among the Turks, it is said that failure to provide one's wife with coffee was once sufficient grounds for divorce. The Turkish marriage ceremony included a vow by the groom never to permit his wife (or wives) to be without the fluid. In this country, the reverse is true. Despite the women's movement, in many marriages the wife feels obliged to keep the husband forever supplied with a tasty cup of coffee. Coffee advertisements insist on equating good coffee with good marriages, suggesting that the best marriage counselor in the country is Cora, or El Exigente.

The beverage's place in American social life is unassailable. No other drink—not even star-spangled Coke—approaches coffee in its homespun pervasion of American culture. In the eyes of its disciples, coffee is a fluid that, like

gasoline, is indispensable to, and symbolic of, the American way of life. The heartsick Emily in *Our Town*, upon her death, bids farewell not to tea but to coffee. How many couples have begun an acquaintance, and how many businessmen have consummated a deal, over a cup of steaming coffee? The fluid has spawned a miniature lexicon of its own. There is "coffee break," "coffee cake," "coffee table," "coffee table book," "coffeemaker," "coffee cup," "coffee mug," "coffee shop," "coffee house," "coffee mill." The Manhattan telephone directory doesn't list a single Tea. The closest thing is a Te, A. But there are seven Coffees.

Devotion to coffee has extended even beyond the grave. Dr. William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of blood, had 56 pounds of coffee on hand at the time of his death, and he bequeathed this treasure to his colleagues in order that, as long as the supply lasted, they might forgather once a month and sip a cup in his memory. The publisher of a weekly newspaper in Cleveland, Miss., some time ago daringly offered a pound of coffee free with each subscription renewal. Business boomed. An Illinois jeweler advertised coffee at slashed prices in order to spark interest in his wares. The coffee sold like mad. The jewelry, alas, didn't. It should come as small wonder that Douglas Leigh, perhaps the greatest builder of outdoor lighted signs, chose as his maiden project a mammoth electrically lighted coffee cup with a bowl 15 feet in diameter. It was the largest coffee cup ever built. It resided at Broadway and 47th Street in New York (it is no longer there), and it emitted a million and a half cubic feet of steam a month.

Sometime around 10:00 o'clock every weekday morning, the overwhelming majority of office and factory workers drop what they are doing and indulge in that hallowed ritual—the coffee break. A statistician somehow determined that the entire year's output of 143,000 cows is necessary simply to furnish the milk and cream gulped down during these mid-morning pauses. More than a quarter of all labor contracts contain a coffee-break guarantee, and over 90 percent of employers at least condone the practice, in the conviction that coffee snaps you up. Numerous companies and government offices—Metropolitan Life and New Jersey Governor Byrne's office, to name a couple—dispense free coffee to employees, and others subsidize the cost at a nickel or a dime a cup.

Sonny Kleinfield is a reporter for The Wall Street Journal.

The white-collar break acquired its modern form in May 1950, when a large New York insurance company commissioned a restaurant chain to think out a solution to the mayhem created by 1,700 employees on 13 floors sprinting madly to and from coffee counters. The restaurant started a catering service and ordered waitresses to roll carts from worker to worker. Coffee wagons are now a familiar fixture on office floors. Further institutionalization of the break came in July 1956, when a Denver Court of Appeals ruled that a 15-minute coffee break must be regarded as time worked, and be paid as such. In November 1957, Edward Zukaukas was awarded $1,050 for a foot injury sustained while playing softball during a coffee break at a Linden, N.J., firm. The Workmen's Compensation Court ruled that the injury occurred on company time. The courts view the coffee break as an inextricable part of the working day. Which doesn't mean that love of coffee is restricted to the nation's work force. The unemployed like the stuff, too. The Union Rescue Mission on Skid Row in Los Angeles, which serves more than 900 meals a day, says that the bums who frequent the place almost to the man request coffee as their beverage. It is the all-American drink.

Kaldi tasted the beans for himself. He was overwhelmed by a rush of exhilaration. He had discovered the coffee bean

Coffee probably borrows its name from the Arabic *qahwah*, though some etymologists are inclined to favor Kaffa, a province in southwest Ethiopia reputed to be coffee's birthplace. Its discoverer, Arab legend insists, was Kaldi, an Abyssinian goatherd, who appeared one day to survey the condition of his beasts. The year was 850 A.D. The flock was found to be far from its usual mood, overcome by uncommon frivolity. An evergreen shrub grew nearby, and the goats had been feeding on its berries. Kaldi tasted the berries for himself. He was all of a sudden overwhelmed by a rush of exhilaration. He felt good. Thinking he was on to something, Kaldi went skipping off merrily to report his find to the world: a small, blue-green bean, the coffee bean.

In due course, coffee was brewed with hot water. Monks, trekking from monastery to monastery, spread the good word about the new brown beverage. The Renaissance brought about a surge of coffee drinking. In the coffee houses of London, intellectuals and wastrels exchanged ideas, and soon the major cities of colonial North America also boasted coffee houses. Early in the 18th century, a French infantry captain swiped a coffee shrub from the Paris greenhouse of Louis XIV and, fighting off pirate attacks on the way, took it by boat to Martinique, where he planted it. The coffee tree took to the soil and became the progenitor of the New World's coffee industry.

Coffee trees today are cultivated in about 55 countries, almost all of them Latin American and African. The trees—*Coffea arabica* or *Coffea robusta*—grow best at an altitude between 1,500 and 6,000 feet. Coffee requires good soil, a warm, humid climate, a mean annual temperature between 65 and 85 degrees and protection from early autumn frosts. Brazil has tens of billions of coffee trees, grows 290 million pounds of coffee a year and exports more coffee than any other country. Brazil, Colombia, Angola and the Ivory Coast—the four largest producers of the breakfast drink—control nearly 60 percent of the $4.5 billion a year international trade in coffee, the fourth-biggest (after oil, wheat and copper) commodity in world commerce. Roughly a third of the world's population is hooked on the beverage, with the biggest consumer—buying up 40 percent of the international trade—being the United States. Prospects are, however, that there will be a scarcity of the world's favorite liquid next year, and perhaps in the next few years. Political unrest in Angola and Uganda has crippled African production. Brazil was swept by a devastating frost in July, a frost expected to slash next year's output to about 8 million bags (132 pounds each) from 21 million bags this year. As it is, world stocks of coffee have slumped to a 20-year low of 30 million bags, and it is expected that producing countries will need to dip into their own reserves in the next two years to satisfy international demand.

The Brazilian frost has already precipitated staggering price increases of about 30 cents on each pound of coffee beans. Colombian coffee is fetching more than $1 a pound, and Brazil has raised the minimum export price by 30 cents to 80 cents a pound. Some U.S. roasters (there are about 250 of them, General Foods being the biggest) have jacked up wholesale

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prices for ground grocery-packed coffee as much as 20 cents a pound, and for instant coffee as much as 3 cents a pound. Supermarkets are already beginning to pass the increase on to us, but we are still in the slowest coffee-drinking time of the year. The real impact of the shortage is yet to be felt.

Coffee is expensive even in the best of times because so much hand labor is required to produce it. The coffee tree, with its elliptic leaves and white, jasmine-like flowers, is a handsome sight to behold. But the blossoms soon disappear, replaced in two months' time by green cherries, cherries that turn red and then a deep purple. The ripe cherries must be picked by hand. When a berry is cracked, two blue-green coffee beans slide out. These beans must be dried for two to three weeks in the hot sun. They are laid out on tremendous cement patios and constantly raked and turned over so that each one is fully dried. Hulling machines remove the parchment-like covering and silver skin from the beans, which are then graded for weight and size. The beans must finally be hand-inspected to remove impurities and imperfect beans. Two thousand beans make up one pound of roasted coffee.

Although coffee will probably never be cheap again, the coffee fanatic will ignore the price increases in the same way he disregards medical reports. Doctors have never had any firm conviction that coffee is addictive in the sense that some drugs are, but there is no question that many people experience a very strong craving for coffee when they try to give it up. (See box on page 000.) At a conference in England earlier this month, Dr. Paul Turner, a professor of clinical pharmacology, said that heavy coffee drinkers who abstain for a day may suffer from headache, fatigue or stomach pains. Coffee is hard to give up at least in part because of its invigorating effect. The wake-up ingredient in coffee is caffeine, a white crystalline alkaloid that stimulates the brain and lessens fatigue. One study concluded that people crank out twice as much work, without tiring, after drinking coffee. Coffee has been shown to increase typing speed. Tests have demonstrated that for an hour after a man has had a cup of coffee, his chess game improves 15 percent. Coffee is said to sharpen driving skills. (It has not been shown to improve drunk drivers, only to keep them awake.)

Over the years, coffee has been prescribed by doctors as an antidote for various afflictions. It has been used as a specific against circulatory ailments and as a diuretic in instances of poisoning. Coffee is often suggested to keep a headache at bay. The conviction that the substance is somehow useful in the cause of human health, however, has been shaken by recent medical research. Caffeine, after all, is a poison. A sizable concentration injected into an animal's skin will kill it within minutes. Injected into the human muscles, it will cause paralysis. Ten grams of caffeine (the amount in 100 cups of coffee) accumulated suddenly in the human body would be lethal.

Fortunately, few people shoot coffee into their veins. Ingested in a more common manner, coffee can't be fatal, since by the time you downed your hundredth cup, most of the first 99 would have traveled through your kidneys and out your body. But even much smaller caffeine doses make things happen. After one has ingested as little as one or two cups of coffee, the stomach temperature rises 10 to 15 degrees. The secretion of hydrochloric acid increases 400 percent. The salivary glands double their output; the heart beats faster; the lungs work harder; the blood vessels narrow in the brain and widen in and around the heart; the metabolism rate rises; the kidneys manufacture and discharge up to 100 percent more urine.

Coffee brands vary widely in caffeine content, with the higher-priced varieties usually containing less. Excepting decaffeinated coffee, however, almost any brand contains significantly more caffeine than any other mass-consumed carrier. Roughly speaking, a typical cup of coffee holds 80 to 120 milligrams of caffeine. A cup of tea contains 30 to 60 milligrams, half as much. Most cola drinks include about 20 milligrams of caffeine in every five ounces. You would need to chug-a-lug two 10-ounce bottles of soda pop or munch four standard chocolate bars to ingest the caffeine contained in a cup of coffee.

Workers clean the beans. Two thousand beans make one pound of ground coffee.

Excessive indulgence in the beverage can have disturbing effects on health. For some people, one cup of coffee a day may be too much, although doctors generally consider an "excessive" amount to be more than six cups daily. One documented case of what medical people call "caffeinism" is that of an inmate at the Nevada State Prison who complained of insomnia, irritability, palpitations, fever, weight loss and upset stomach, among other maladies. It was found that he kept a hot plate in his cell, which he used to brew and drink an average of 50 cups of coffee a day (the amount Voltaire used to drink), for the plain reason that there was nothing else to do. His intake was lowered to 20 cups of decaffeinated coffee, which brought about a significant improvement.

Accumulated suddenly, the amount of caffeine in 100 cups of coffee would be lethal

One disease that coffee may compound disastrously is peptic ulcers. "It does not seem to be true that coffee *precipitates* peptic ulcers," says Dr. Raymond Johnson of the National Naval Medical Center. "However, there is strong evidence that coffee aggravates some people who suffer from peptic ulcer disease." It is a standard medical assumption that excess acid worsens ulcers, and caffeine is known to increase acid secretion in the stomach. Experiments conducted by Dr. Johnson found that patients with peptic ulcers suffered much more persistent and higher levels of acid secretion after drinking heavy doses of coffee. Acid secretion shot up less quickly in coffee drinkers who were not afflicted by ulcers. "My own feeling is that people who have peptic ulcers should curtail their coffee drinking," Dr. Johnson says. "This is not a universal feeling. There is one theory of treatment that does not restrict diet at all. There is another theory that places severe restrictions on diet, so you eat and drink almost nothing. I think I am somewhere in between."

Other experiments suggest another problem caused by coffee consumption. A recent study found that gastric acid production loosens the lower esophageal sphincter, the ringlike muscle that separates the esophagus from the stomach. What this leads to is heartburn. "It may be that coffee can actually cause heartburn in some people," says Dr. Johnson, who conducted this study. "It seems clearer that coffee can aggravate heartburn victims." Dr. Johnson suspects that coffee may worsen, if not actually cause, any number of ailments. "Coffee seems to be capable of bringing on nervousness, trembling hands and muscle twitches," he says. "Some people have a greater heartbeat when they drink coffee, or an irregular heartbeat. My feeling is that, in examining almost any ailment, a doctor should at least consider the coffee consumption of the patient, and should consider advising curtailment if it is very high." As for himself, Dr. Johnson drinks no more than a single cup of coffee a month, for social purposes. "It is not that the taste of coffee is unpleasant to me," he says. "For some reason, coffee gives me diarrhea."

In his book, *Ups and Downs*, psychiatrist Dr. Julius Rice declares that "three or four cups of coffee taken in quick succession contain sufficient caffeine to produce irritability, nervousness, tremor, headache and palpitations. Double or treble this amount may cause hallucinatory disturbances, and possibly convulsions."

There is also evidence associating coffee with bladder cancer, a fairly rare disease accounting for about 4.3 percent of all incidences of cancer. In 1971, Dr. Philip Cole of Harvard's School of Public Health reported that women who ingested at least a cup of coffee a day ran two and a half times the risk of contracting bladder cancer as did non-coffee drinkers. In men drinkers, the risk proved only 25 percent higher. Dr. Cole confirmed these results in another study completed earlier this year.

Dr. Cole is uncertain what it is in coffee that could lead to bladder cancer, though he cites caffeine as a strong suspect, since it has been shown to cause mutations in cells in tissue cultures. Despite this evidence, he is reticent to pronounce a definite link between the two. "I feel the matter needs to be evaluated thoroughly," he says. "I don't know for sure if there's a connection."

High coffee intake might also be related to our number one killer, heart disease. Several small studies over the last decade or so have implied some connection, but the most alarming news came in late 1972. At that time, Hershel Jick and Dennis Slone and associates at the Boston Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program released a study that linked heavy coffee drinking to myocardial infarction. This is a malady in which heart muscle tissue degenerates because the tissue's blood supply is restricted by clogged or blocked blood vessels. Jick and Slone estimated that the risk of developing the disease is about twice as great for heavy coffee drinkers as it is for those who drink no coffee. The authors reinforced this study with a larger one in 1973.

The Boston group found no connection between heavy tea drinking and heart disease, which would imply that the culprit is not caffeine, as previous studies had suggested. Jick and Slone concede they are unsure of the ingredient in coffee that might promote heart disease. Personality traits could predispose certain individuals toward both heavy coffee drinking and development of the illness. Unidentified components of the drink might raise the concentration of lipids (fatty materials) in the blood. Other mysterious ingredients might inhibit fibrinolysis, the dissolution of the large proteins that help blood to clot.

A number of other doctors who have studied the problem discount the role of coffee in heart disease. They argue that the experiments and population data are misleading and do not support the view that coffee is involved. William B. Kannel and Thomas R. Dawson studied more than 5,000 residents of Framingham, Mass., and uncovered no connection between coffee and heart disease. On the other hand, the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine completed a study that found much higher consumption of fluids, including coffee, among myocardial infarction patients. Other studies have produced mixed results, and most doctors say they are in the dark. "I'm aware that there have been some bad reports about coffee and caffeine," says Dr. Theodore Vanitallie of St. Luke's Hospital. "In my mind, at least, none of this has crystallized into anything definite." What can be said with certainty is that, in 1975, more research needs to be done to verify or discount the possible links between high coffee consumption and disease. As it is, only an optimist or a coffee roaster can feel comfortable with six cups.

On a typical winter day in 1962, 74.7 percent of Americans over the age of 10 drank an average of 3.1 cups of coffee. This was the highest proportion of coffee consumers the country has ever known. It is possibly the highest it ever will know. There has been a steady downward sweep ever since. Last winter, 62.6 percent of the over-10 population was drinking 2.2 cups. The International Coffee Organization, which provides this data, reports that people of all sorts have stopped drinking coffee, though the most

The anxious addict

By Douglas Gasner

Early in 1969, James Henry, a physiologist at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, gave his mice coffee to drink instead of water. Plain black coffee. At first nothing happened, a scenario not unusual in the annals of modern scientific research. The mice were repulsed by the strange liquid that filled the metallic spouts of their water bottles. Dr. Henry persevered, and the mice, he recalls, finally drank the stuff. He gave them no other choice.

What happened next laid the groundwork for one of the most intriguing—and controversial—observations to come out of a physiology lab since Ivan Pavlov's dogs began salivating at the sound of a bell. The mice started fighting with each other and then they would stop and then, at the drop of a tail, start in again. "Not only were they aroused to fight with much greater frequency than their non-caffeinated brethren," Dr. Henry told *New Times*, "their blood pressure went up from a normal of 120 to as high as 160." Since all mammals, including man, have about the same blood pressure, these mice were definitely suffering from hypertension, and Dr. Henry dutifully published his experiments, disclosing the surprising results.

As if fighting mice with high blood pressure weren't enough, Dr. Henry also reported that coffee-drinking mice that were kept alone, one mouse to a cage, went about their business as if nothing were particularly bothering them. Caffeine had no observable or measurable effect on their behavior or their blood pressure.

From this and subsequent experiments, some of which are still in progress, Dr. Henry and others have come to the conclusion that caffeine—a central nervous system stimulant—combined with a stressful environment, such as crowding is for mice, have a cumulative effect.

This association between coffee and stress began to take on significance when Sidney Cobb, a professor of community health and psychiatry at Brown University in Providence, finally got around earlier this year to publishing his classic study on the physiological effects of job loss, which he conducted a decade ago. Dr. Cobb found that in men who had lost their jobs, caffeine caused the release of the stress hormone norepinephrine from nerves in the autonomic nervous system. In fact, coffee drinking precipitated the release of twice the normal level of norepinephrine in these men. A control group, under no unusual stress, retained normal norepinephrine levels though they drank similar quantities of coffee.

Norepinephrine is ordinarily released on signal from the hypothalamus, a cluster of cells deep within the brain that controls much of the body's hormonal activity. Its main function is to prepare the body for the flight or fight response, an automatic sequence of internal events that is triggered by stress. By itself, norepinephrine causes blood pressure to soar and constricts much of the circulatory system, reducing the flow of blood through the kidneys, brain, liver and skeletal muscle.

Dr. Cobb said recently that he suspects the increased levels of norepinephrine in human coffee drinkers under stress also contributes to high blood pressure. What constitutes the proper stress, though, seems to be under contention. It may be that a specific type of stress, such as the loss of a job, is necessary for coffee to have its norepinephrine-releasing effect. "My perception," Dr. Cobb said, "is that caffeine boosts norepinephrine levels in individuals whose anxiety levels are already raised, and it may not pertain in situations where, let's say, anger is aroused."

Dr. Cobb admits that coffee may have its documented norepinephrine-releasing effect under any stressful situation, but since he has only studied it in men who lost their jobs, at this point he thinks it unfair to generalize, a precaution scientists often take these days.

Dr. Henry, though, is not as cautious. He has stopped drinking coffee altogether and blames it for overstressing an already stressed society. "You take your average family man, uptight, drinks cup after cup of coffee, maybe a cola now and then, a chocolate bar, and then takes one of the extra-ingredient headache remedies. Bingo, he's had nearly a gram of caffeine passing through his system in a day, enough to elevate his norepinephrine levels and make him a candidate for cardiovascular disease if he keeps it up."

If caffeine is indeed injurious to your health—as the case building up against it seems to indicate—the solution is to stop drinking coffee or, at least, switch (as Dr. Henry advises) to a decaffeinated brand. Unfortunately, this is not so simple. Even people who don't drink much coffee—a cup or two a day—can become physically dependent on it. Caffeine, beyond any doubt, is as addictive as nicotine and cocaine, according to Avram Goldstein, a professor of pharmacology at Stanford University School of Medicine. What's more, the psychic craving for caffeine, Dr. Goldstein said, can become intense to the point that "behavioral changes such as irritability and restlessness are seen when a prolonged intake of caffeine is suddenly stopped."

Addiction implies not only compulsive use of a drug—and caffeine is a drug—but also an overwhelming involvement with its procurement and use. El Exigente and others who spend a good part of their lives seeking out the richest coffee beans may be classified as addicts, but short of this, the average coffee drinker is considered in the lexicon of pharmacology to be habituated to coffee. That is, he can't stop taking the drug without suffering some withdrawal pains, from headache and fatigue all the way to depression.

"The morning cup," J. Murdoch Ritchie, chairman of Yale's pharmacology department, wrote several years ago, "is so much a part of the American dietary habit that one seldom looks upon its consumption as a drug habit. . . . The feeling of well-being and the increased performance it affords, although possibly obtained at the expense of decreased efficiency later in the day, are experiences that few individuals would care to give up." Perhaps in the light of coffee's relationship to stress hormones, some individuals will reconsider.

statistically significant defection has come from people 15 to 39 years in age. The coffee industry is aiming its promotional advertising at this younger age bracket, but the losses may be irretrievable. The Pan-American Coffee Bureau, which seems to know about these things, attributes much of coffee's decline in popularity to the greater number of young people who subscribe to a mobile, fast-paced lifestyle that doesn't allow time for any hot drink, which, by nature, must be sipped leisurely. "It's a cold-drink generation," says a bureau spokesman. "You have to sit down to have a cup of coffee. Young people don't sit down."

The bureau also cites the greater trepidation on the part of people, especially the elderly, following what its spokesman terms the "half-ass health studies" done on the beverage. The bureau never has, and one presumes never will, believe that coffee can do any mortal harm. The same is true of American coffee roasters. But the general population is worried enough to make decaffeinated coffee the fastest-growing segment of the coffee market, accounting for some 13 percent of total consumption. If nothing else, this goes to show that coffee companies are not altogether stupid. While discounting any health hazards of regular coffee, they continue to introduce more and more decaffeinated brands. Unfortunately, coffee chemists contend that decaffeinated doesn't measure up to caffeinated coffee in taste; besides removing the caffeine, the decaffeinating process also whisks away some of the oils and waxes found in the coffee bean.

Despite the health scares, and despite the decaffeinated fad, there remains enough of a mad desire for regular coffee to support a lucrative paraphernalia market. Just five years ago, the electric coffeemaker business was worth $142.8 million, when 8.4 million pots were sold. Last year the figures were $226.1 million, and 9.4 million pots. Industry statisticians expect as many as 10.4 million coffeemakers to be snapped up this year, leaving irons and toasters spinning in their wake. Coffeemakers exist in cornucopian variety. People refuse to be satisfied, changing their pots almost with the seasons in elusive search of a better cup. The world has probably seen the appearance of at least a thousand varieties of acceptable coffeemakers at one time or another, and more than 200 are currently available. Every crank inventor seems to have turned his attention from the better mousetrap to the better coffeemaker.

The first percolator of which there is any record was developed in 1806 by Benjamin Thompson, a Massachusetts boy who became a count of the Holy Roman Empire. Almost since that discovery, Americans have preferred to make their coffee in a percolator, though coffee aficionados are outspokenly critical of the device. The Pan-American Coffee Bureau says flatly that there isn't a percolator in existence that can make a potable cup of coffee. Two years ago, North American Systems unveiled its Mr. Coffee electric drip pot, which can make a potable cup of coffee. People have been buying it like mad, and no end of imitations have followed it onto store shelves. Electric drip-makers are now the fastest-growing segment of the market, with Mr. Coffee pointing the way. Twenty percent of coffee drinkers now use drip pots, compared to 51 percent who perk their coffee. Joe DiMaggio, Mr. Coffee's spokesman, has managed to emerge as the best-known public coffee spokesman, all without letting on what brand he uses.

In one Japanese shop, a cup of coffee costs $38

Close on his heels is Danny Thomas, who used to crow about Maxwell House coffee and now hawks Norelco drip coffeemakers.

Coffee's popularity has sparked other promising investments. The National Coffee Association receives dozens of requests a year from people interested in opening a coffee specialty shop, a species that has become increasingly conspicuous in our cities. The Coffee Bean, which began nine years ago as a small Los Angeles shop, is now a chain of 12 stores in Southern California, offering 19 types of coffee and ringing up annual sales of over $1 million. Stores selling nothing but coffee mugs seem to do brisk business. The same is true of the dozens of "coffee break specialists," which furnish the equipment and know-how to enable any office to brew its own. Coffee houses are sprouting up like weeds all over the nation. Two years ago, in the San Francisco suburb of Kensington, a possible precursor of the modern coffee house was opened under the name "Conversation." While you are sipping your coffee, you can rent, at $5 a half-hour, any of 20 "conversationists." The profession, as it is explained, caters to those who don't need a psychiatrist but do need someone to talk to. Of course, there is endless variety in the price a cup fetches, but the Akaneya Coffee Shop in scenic Karuizawa, Japan, has a firm hold on the world's most expensive cup of coffee. The quality is nothing to write home about (a home-blended brew of charcoal-roasted grains), nor is the decor (a narrow, dark wooden hut). But the proprietor recognizes that people expect to pay astronomical sums for anything in Japan. So in his coffee shop, a cup of coffee goes for an astronomical 9,900 yen, or roughly $38.

Why would people pay $38 for a cup of coffee? Why, indeed, do people drink coffee at all? I talked to a number of coffee drinkers, from one-cup-a-day sippers to people who daily drown themselves in 15 or more cups, people who all but take baths in coffee. I asked them why they drink the stuff. These are some of the things they said:

"I honestly believe I am noticeably smarter after I've drunk some coffee. It usually takes two cups for me to sense the difference, but I swear I seem to know things I had no idea I knew."

"I think the stuff is rotting my stomach. It's probably killing my heart. I drink a lot of it, and sometimes after 10 cups or so, I feel like the walking dead. But I can't shake the habit. I don't like tea."

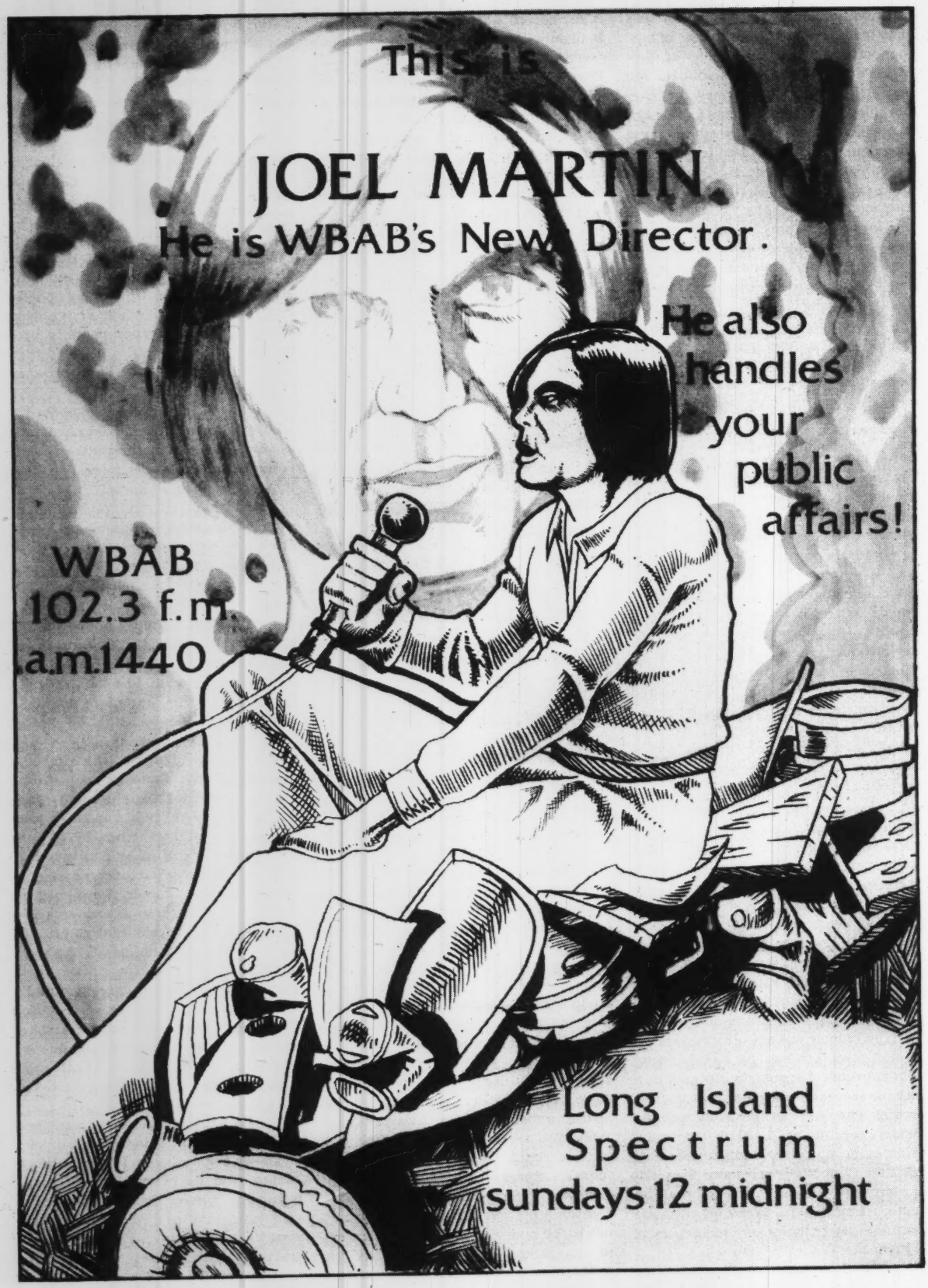
"It helps me move my bowels better. It's terrific for constipation. Every morning, I use a coffee laxative."

"I don't really like the drink. But I've been drinking it too long to stop. I can't have Coke for breakfast."

"It improves my sex."

Kenneth Burgess, the executive director of the Pan-American Coffee Bureau, a man one might expect to drink coffee, is a six-to-eight-cup-a-day man, though on good days he may hit 12 cups. Two cups at breakfast, one or two when he arrives at the office, one or two in the afternoon, two at dinner. (Despite all this drinking, Burgess, during the course of an hour interview, did not think to offer me even a single cup of coffee.) "I don't really believe coffee enhances my intelligence," he says. "I've never noticed if I'm more alert. But if you have a tasty cup of coffee and you sit down and drink it, you are able to organize your thoughts and plan what you want to do. Coffee is a good organizer. It calms the spirit. Coffee just tastes damn good."

But it doesn't always taste good. Coffee, in essence, is mysterious. It defies all known chemical tests for evaluation of quality, and its beauty is only in the mouth and nose of the beholder. People who work as coffee testers, who arbitrate what beans come into this country, must practice for years to refine their sense of taste and smell.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sundays 12 midnight

Most of the 25 or so tasters who work in this country started training at an early age and continued studying almost without interruption. It often takes as many as 20 years to develop proficiency, and some of the best men in the trade are in their eighties. When he is over a bean, a professional coffee taster goes through this routine: Freshly roasted ground coffee, the weight of a penny and a dime, is placed in a cup, and hot water is poured over it. A crust forms. With a spoon, the taster breaks the crust, a process known as "breaking the cup," and stirs the brew, releasing new odors. He sniffs the aroma. Then he tastes it carefully without swallowing, so as not to coat his taste buds, and spits it into a cuspidor.

Cultural differences have had their impact on the nature of the beverage. People inhabiting regions around the Bosphorus measure their coffee out in dark brown thimblefuls so thick a needle stands up in it. In Germany, people endure a weak brew called *blunchenkaffe* or "coffee-flavored hot water." French chefs blend coffee with bitter chicory. In Marrakech, coffee is served in the bottom of a tremendous cup, so black and strong that it takes your breath away. If you ask the waiter for cream, he'll probably laugh in your face. In London, Lisbon and Madrid, you can comfortably take your coffee light or dark. If you want it light, a waiter brings a steaming pot of coffee and a steaming pot of milk. He mixes the two in your cup, arriving at a blend the color of a pallid suntan. The commonest coffee snobbism in America is drinking coffee black. People abound who will drink anything that resembles black coffee—and that may include motor oil or embalming fluid—yet will claim that coffee is ruined with sugar and milk. The truth is that both well-made black coffee and light coffee are enjoyable, though poorly brewed black coffee is sickening. Improperly made, coffee is bitter. It is inevitably bitter if it is instant or percolated. In these instances, cream and sugar nicely disguise the inferior taste. Kenneth Burgess says he would bet a lot of money that if everyone made coffee the way it ought to be made, everyone would drink it black.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology 50 years ago, Samuel C. Prescott determined how coffee ought to be made. He wrote a definitive "Report of an Investigation of Coffee," which included a section on its preparation. His findings were based on controlled, repeated taste-testing by a group of 100 people. Four cardinal points emerged: The coffee should be freshly roasted and freshly ground; water should be at the proper temperature; contact time with water should be brief; metals should be absent. He summed up: "We believe the best results will be obtained with freshly roasted coffee, infused at temperatures of about 185 degrees to 195 degrees F., for not over two minutes, in a glass or porcelain or vitrified container, and immediately filtered from the grounds."

Fine, but how do we do it? Here is as good a method as any. Use a drip pot, clean and well-rinsed. Have good water available. Measure two level teaspoons of freshly roasted and freshly ground coffee into a cone-shaped paper filter. Heat the water to 185 degrees, short of the 212-degree boiling point. Slowly pour six ounces of the water over the coffee. Let it drip into a flask. Pour it into a cup. Firmly clamp your left hand to your right wrist to calm the caffeine tremors. Forget about your kidneys. Forget about your bladder. Forget about your heart. Swig it and enjoy it. ●

Do you drink coffee in the nude?

Frederick the Great brewed it with champagne. While working on a novel, **Honoré de Balzac** drank 40 cups a day. **Alexander Pope** sniffed it to relieve unbearable headaches. **Talleyrand** liked it "black as the devil, hot as hell, pure as an angel, and sweet as love."

Celebrities have been drinking coffee for centuries. **President Ford** drinks coffee, but not quite as elegantly as Frederick: he likes instant. The coffee-sniffing Pope said in "The Rape of the Lock" that the brown beverage makes politicians wiser. Perhaps. Congresswoman **Bella Abzug** downs a cup with milk and saccharin when she comes off the floor of the House. Governor **Jerry Brown** gulps six cups a day, although he doesn't have his own office mug ("too expensive," said his assistant). Governor **George Wallace** takes a cup with the evening meal. Senator **Henry Jackson** drinks tea.

Few modern writers can match Balzac or that 50-cup-a-day man, **Voltaire. Theodore White** says, "I write with coffee and rewrite with bourbon." **John Kenneth Galbraith** reaches for a cup of coffee when he feels "the inevitable and depressing downswing that starts for every writer around 11:00." He doesn't think it works, but he drinks it anyway. Columnist **Ann Landers** has switched to decaffeinated and doesn't miss regular coffee "one iota." She drinks three cups a day and skips the cream and sugar, "so I can have a second dessert."

Sometimes, standing backstage, **Dick Cavett** falls asleep on his feet. He takes a sip or two of coffee. But no more. "One cup gives me an anxiety attack," he says. "Two cups, and I begin having terrible visions that I'll fall off a cliff or a safe will drop on me or I'll turn a corner and run into **Howard Cosell.**" A sip or two is a far cry from the drinking habits of **John Springer,** press representative for **Elizabeth Taylor** and **Richard Burton.** He drinks 10 cups a day: two in the morning with *The Today Show*, three or four after lunch, one in mid-afternoon, three or four after dinner. On airplanes he carries instant coffee in case of "emergencies." He resents the fact that many Chinese restaurants serve only tea.

Jack Anderson drinks no coffee because he's a Mormon. **Rudolf Nureyev** drinks no coffee because it excites him too much. **Sam Bronfman** normally has a cup after dinner (with cream and sugar), but when he was kidnapped he drank none. **Willie Shoemaker,** the jockey, drinks coffee only occasionally since he doesn't like the taste. He says that coffee did not make him short. **Ralph Nader** doesn't ever drink coffee—presumably, said his assistant, for health reasons. She urged calling the Health Research Group.

Cookbook writer **Julia Child** loves the smell of coffee but drinks only two cups a week. It disagrees with her—she blames the amoebic dysentery she contracted during World War II. In cooking she sometimes uses coffee to melt chocolate, and she always offers coffee to guests after dinner. If only one person wants any, instead of making a pot she mixes two-thirds instant Yuban with one-third Medaglia d'Oro. "I'm not sure there's much difference," she says.

Complains baseball player **Pete Rose,** "When I drink coffee after 6:00 o'clock, it keeps me up all night." Sometimes he'll have some (with a little cream and a lot of Sweet 'n Low) in the late afternoon before a night game. **John Kenneth Galbraith** also suffers from insomnia after drinking a late-night cup. "Other people have insomnia with great intellectual reward," he says. "I lie awake and think of absolutely zero." He drinks a cup of decaffeinated after dinner and hates it. "It's not that it tastes bad," he noted. "It's the total absence of taste which I object to." — **Arthur Lubow**

By Harry Stein

The ballad of John Henry

On October 2, CBS will present the story of entertainer John Henry Faulk's victory over the blacklisters who'd kept him off the air for six years. What the show won't say is that the networks themselves have continued to blacklist Faulk ever since

In 1962, a television writer named Norman Lear hit upon what he thought was a surefire idea. The entertainment pages that season were full of the court victory of John Henry Faulk, a New York radio personality, over a slew of right-wingers who had blacklisted him, and Lear figured there had to be a terrific script in it. The blacklisting of artists charged with communist sympathies had been a fact of broadcasting life for more than a decade and, with Faulk having brought the whole sordid business to light, the world at last seemed ready for a film on the subject.

Lear moved quickly. He and his partner, Bud Yorkin, bought the rights to *Fear on Trial*, Faulk's incipient book on the case, and within a few months they had produced a first draft of a script entitled *John Henry and the Do-Right People*. John Henry—Dick Van Dyke had agreed to play the role—was written as a Buffalo Bob-type host of a children's television show who springs to the defense of a colleague under attack by a group known as the Do-Righters. It was never made clear who the Do-Righters were or what they were after. The issue of left-wing influence in the media—at the core of the blacklist question—was not explicitly raised in the script at all. In short, their opus was hardly hard-hitting social commentary. "It made the point," says Lear now, "but it was handled the way I always handle serious subject matter—as an entertainment."

The fudging, however, was for naught. In three years of trying, Lear and Yorkin were unable to get the film produced. At one point, National General and Columbia Pictures agreed to finance the project, but both backed off. "They never said why," says Lear, who went on to parlay controversy into a multimillion-dollar industry at CBS, "but we knew it was the nature of the material. It was too hot to handle."

The blacklist period is no longer deemed untouchable. To the contrary, the subject has lately taken on a certain chic in entertainment circles; a variety of film projects dealing with the blacklist are now in the works, including one, *The Front*, that will feature Woody Allen in his dramatic debut.

Television has gotten into the act, too, and in a very big way. On October 2, in what is viewed at the networks as a watershed event in the medium's history, CBS will broadcast *Fear on Trial*, an ambitious two-hour reconstruction of the Faulk case. The show's significance lies less in its blanket vindication of Faulk, who was cleared in a courtroom 13 years ago, as in its straightforward assignation of guilt; the network that had discharged Faulk at the blacklister's behest—and then stood by his tormentors during the court battle that followed—was CBS.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GROSS

CBS was by no means the only organization to cave in before the blacklisters, of course, nor even the most cowardly. Starting in 1950, and on into the Kennedy years, terror in the boardrooms of every one of the nation's film and broadcast corporations was something palpable: The merest hint that a performer or writer or stagehand had ever entertained leftist sympathies was enough for dismissal. Many of the artists whose lives were disrupted never got back into the business; today, 25 years after they were expelled from television, once nationally known names, such as Jean Muir and Irene Wicker, ring only the faintest of bells. Others, such as Zero Mostel, Lee Grant and Jack Gilford, lost years during their prime, and then spent years more working their way back to featured status. More than a few among them—for example, Jerome Robbins and Abe Burrows—saved themselves by fingering former friends before investigative committees. But confession was by no means a certain path to salvation; after having been forced to name names by the House Un-American Activities Committee, Larry Parks, who had played the title role in *The Al Jolson Story*, acquired so pervasive a reputation as a broken man that he never worked regularly again. John Garfield, a major star at the time of his congressional appearance, was similarly done in by his testimony. A joke at the time went something like this: First man—"I hear Garfield testified he's an anti-communist." Second man—"I don't care what kind of a communist he is, I have no use for him." But few laughed when, within a few weeks of his appearance, Garfield dropped dead at 39 of a heart attack—one of more than a score of show business people who appear to have been literally hounded to death during the blacklist era.

The self-appointed enforcers of the blacklist were a collection of virulently right-wing groups, the most prominent of which was Aware, Inc. of Syracuse, New York. The blacklisters bullied the networks and advertisers by threatening to launch consumer boycotts of companies sponsoring shows that employed individuals they deemed suspect.

It was not hard to get on Aware's bad side. "It will not do," wrote Godfrey Schmidt, the organization's president, in 1956, "simply to criticize communism by use of generalities. Patriotism, justice and respect or friendship for fellow citizens all impose a duty to act. . . . [People] should not be allowed to remain 'neutral' in this fight. They should stand up and be counted. In this mortal conflict, 'he who gathers not with us scatters.' " The meaning was clear: To speak out against Aware's methods, even to remain silent, was tantamount to declaring one's own eligibility for the blacklist.

Lest they give the appearance of being on the wrong side, the networks and ad agencies played ball. Though they never acknowledged that any blacklist existed, all eventually hired "security officers" to check up on performers, and when they were told by Aware that an individual was suspect, it became the custom to quietly drop him.

The chief "investigator" for Aware was an inoffensive-looking little man named Vincent Hartnett, who in a few years managed to turn the entertainment business on its ear. His 1950 book, *Red Channels*—which detailed alleged communist infiltration of the broadcast media and was sent anonymously to every influential entertainment executive in the country—alone cost more than a hundred individuals their jobs. After its publication, Hartnett made a living by selling his services to the networks; he charged

Faulk's politics were in the classic Texas populist mold: He loved America and loathed injustice

five dollars to ascertain whether a performer was fit to appear on the air, two dollars to recheck a performer he'd already investigated. "That," goes a bit of industry gallows humor, "was the beginning of network reruns."

By 1955, Aware was so firmly entrenched in the broadcast industry that it not only terrorized the networks but ran the performers' union as well. Through coercion and brilliant politicking, friends of the blacklist had taken control of AFTRA, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists.

It was at this point that John Henry Faulk entered the fray.

Faulk, then in his early forties, had been in the business for a decade, mostly with radio stations in the New York area, and he was just starting to develop an impressive following. A folksy storyteller with a puckish face and a charmingly naive manner, he hosted a highly regarded afternoon show on WCBS radio in New York, was a panelist on a network game show called *The Name's the Same* and did a fair amount of speaking around the country. There was hope in CBS executive circles that he might develop into a professional talker of Arthur Godfrey's magnitude.

Faulk's routines were a curious amalgam of Will Rogers and Pappy Yokum, featuring dialect humor and homespun witticisms. He had created an imaginary town called Prairie Orchard and peopled it with the whole spectrum of rural types, ranging from Cousin Ed Snodgrass, an ignoramus constantly agitating for someone to beat up someone else, to ol' man Jim Clark, a wise, bighearted 86-year-old. One of Faulk's most effective bits has an illiterate farmer, smitten by Shakespeare, reciting Hamlet in a twangy West Texan dialect. "Speak the speech, ah pray ya," he intones, sounding for all the world like Lyndon Johnson putting on airs, "as ah pronounced it to ya, trippin'ly on the tongue."

But Faulk had one problem. "He had a tendency," as one old friend discreetly puts it, "to wear his politics on his sleeve."

Faulk's politics were in the classic Texas populist mold; he loved America and loathed injustice. For years he had been an activist, speaking out and performing on behalf of civil rights, the Spanish Republic, trade unionism and the candidacies of such progressives as Henry Wallace—causes that had often placed him on the same side of the fence as the American Communist Party. Not that this caused Faulk any consternation. "Hell," he says, "the communists may have been too doctrinaire for my blood, but they were damn good folks, most of 'em. They were on the front line of civil liberties in this country!" In the Fifties, when the communists became fair game, Faulk felt that something had to be done. "The blacklist," he says, "was a threat to all our liberties."

So in the summer of 1955, Faulk helped put together an anti-blacklisting slate to challenge the pro-Aware AFTRA leadership. Three months later, Faulk and his allies were overwhelmingly elected, with Faulk himself becoming first vice-president of the union.

But Aware soon struck back hard. In early 1956, the group published a bulletin implying that Faulk was a communist. The charges were typically vague. Faulk had, Aware claimed, taken part in seven functions staged by organizations "officially designated" as communist fronts; in fact, none of the groups had ever been "officially" charged with anything, and scores of eminent individuals, including Eleanor Roosevelt and the secretary general of the United Nations, had

been present at the affairs in question. But the language of the bulletin was calculated to intimidate. "According to the Daily Worker of April 22, 1946," ran a typical charge, " 'Jack Faulk' was to appear at Club 65, 13 Astor Place, N.Y.C.—a favorite site of pro-Communist affairs."

Faulk's first thought, naturally, was for his job, but his superiors at CBS, one of whom was a close friend, were reassuring; they knew the Aware charges were ludicrous, they told him, and his position at the station was secure.

Even so, Faulk decided to do what no performer had ever before dared to try. He got himself a lawyer—Louis Nizer—and pressed libel charges against both Vincent Hartnett, who had written the bulletin, and Aware, Inc.

At CBS, the reaction to Faulk's move was decidedly ambivalent. The network, which, thanks to Edward R. Murrow, had acquired something of a reputation for courage, had actually been for years struggling to placate the blacklisters. In 1950, the company had instituted a loyalty oath for its employees—the only network to take such a step—and shortly thereafter hired a security officer to check up on the politics of CBS personnel. In such an atmosphere, the fact that a CBS employee was taking Aware to court hardly sat well with the network brass.

Virtually the only CBS staffer who encouraged Faulk, in fact, was Murrow, who took a $7,500 mortgage on his home in order to give Faulk the money for legal costs. "He said," remembers Faulk, "that he regarded it as an investment in the future."

For a year, as the lawyers began the tortuous process of bringing the case to court, things went on as before; Faulk continued to appear on radio and television, and with a growing confidence that he was safe. "But," he says, "they were waitin' to bushwhack me." In the summer of 1957, while he was on vacation with his family in Jamaica, CBS fired him.

His ratings had dropped, his superiors told him when he returned, and the station was undergoing format changes. Faulk at first accepted that, unable to believe that people he knew so well would lie to him. He sought work with other stations. But, though he was a recognized talent, no other New York company would touch him. He looked elsewhere and, in succeeding months, got offers from stations in Minneapolis, San Francisco and Austin; all were mysteriously withdrawn.

Finally, after a year of futility and up to his ears in hock, Faulk made the decision to leave show business. He moved his family back home to Texas and opened up a small public relations firm. But he was no good at it. In desperation, he drove a cab. The debts, which would eventually total $60,000, continued to pile up. His marriage, always shaky, teetered on the brink of collapse.

Finally, in 1962—five years after he'd lost his job at CBS—John Henry Faulk faced his accusers in a courtroom.

The trial itself was almost an anticlimax. Nizer produced a string of witnesses—among them such luminaries as David Susskind, Tony Randall, Charles Collingwood, Mark Goodson and Kim Hunter—who established not only that blacklisting existed but exactly how it was practiced. And, to establish damages, Garry Moore took the stand to estimate what Faulk's annual worth might have been had the blacklist not cut him down; "his earnings would been been," Moore told the jury, "anywhere between two hundred thousand and upward to conceivably a million dollars."

The defense based its case on the contention that Hartnett was an able and thorough researcher and that his charges against Faulk had nothing to do with the AFTRA fight; Nizer effortlessly struck down both claims. Hartnett himself admitted, under vigorous cross-examination, that Faulk's attendance at the allegedly pro-communist functions didn't prove anything, and a number of witnesses from the broadcast community established that Aware had begun to take an interest in Faulk only after he'd taken a public stand against blacklisting.

Then, in an electrifying moment, Faulk's lawyer shattered Hartnett's credibility once and for all. Nizer had noticed that Hartnett, while testifying, was taking notes. He asked him what he was writing. Hartnett replied that he was noting the names of actors who came into the courtroom as spectators, "like Eliot Sullivan, who was sitting next to Mrs. Faulk; John Randolph; Alan Manson; Jack Gilford." Some of them, he added, had refused to answer questions before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

"You have testified that Eliot Sullivan sat down next to Mrs. Faulk," said Nizer. "Do you see Mrs. Faulk in the courtroom now?"

(Above) Edward R. Murrow and John Henry Faulk at his CBS studio in New York, 1955. (Below) Faulk today, with Stanley Chase, producer of CBS' *Fear on Trial* TV special.

Hartnett surveyed the rows of spectators and pointed to a woman. "I believe she is the lady over there. I am not sure."

Nizer turned to the woman. "What is your name please?" The woman stood up. "My name is Helen Soffer. S-O-F-F-E-R."

The crowd gasped. Nizer eyed Hartnett coldly. "Sir, is that an example of the accuracy with which you have identified your victims for the past ten years?"

After that, the defense was forced to retreat to a backup position; henceforth, its case was based on the proposition that Faulk had been fired not because of any blacklist but as a result of station policy. To make that point, they called Faulk's bosses at CBS, Station Manager Carl Ward and Program Director Sam Slate, as defense witnesses. Though both clearly felt uncomfortable, and went to great pains to establish their affection for Faulk as an individual and a performer, both essentially supported the defense story. Nor, on cross-examination, was either of them to recall the identities of the individuals who, they were forced to acknowledge, had slandered Faulk to his sponsors.

"I would guess," says Faulk dryly, "that they figure the coast is finally clear"

When the testimony was over, it was clear whose version of things held up. The jury had just one question for the judge before reaching its final decision: Were they, they asked, permitted to award Faulk more in damages than his lawyer had asked for. The figure they finally gave him was a record three and a half million dollars (though the defendants could not pay it and it was subsequently reduced on appeal to about $150,000).

And that seemed to be the end of it. In the trial's wake, the blacklisters lost their influence, things began to return to what passes for normal in the broadcast business and, after a brief period of acclaim, John Henry Faulk dropped out of sight.

CBS's decision to resurrect the case now, after 13 years, looks to be a masterstroke. It is, the network programming people immediately realized when producer Stanley Chase approached them with the property, the kind of story television tells best: one with very little ambiguity and a great hero. "It is," as one CBS exec solemnly intones, "goddamned *High Noon*."

The production people decided to go all out. David Rintels, whose much honored play on Clarence Darrow was last season's *succes d'estime*, was recruited to do the script. William Devane was signed to play Faulk, George C. Scott was persuaded to play Nizer and, in a flash of inspiration, Susskind, Goodson and Moore were sought out to repeat their original testimony for the cameras.

In case all of that doesn't generate sufficient interest in the program, there is the kicker. This is the show in which a major network will face the world and own up to past mistakes. As Steve Mills, the CBS executive in charge of network movies, puts it, "A lot of us feel bad about what happened and felt it was time to do something about it."

John Henry Faulk, hunkered down in an easy chair on his little farm in Madisonville, Texas, smiles at the thought. "I would guess," he says dryly, "that they figure the coast is finally clear." He glances out the window and takes a long sip of a bourbon and water. "Hell," he says, his gravel voice twice as loud as before, "it's a damn smart thing for 'em to do. Anyone with the brain of an adolescent sugar ant can see it's gonna do 'em nothing but good."

If Faulk is less than sanguine about the network's motives in broadcasting *Fear on Trial*, he has his reasons. The CBS show won't say so explicitly, but he hasn't worked much *since* his trial, either.

"At first, I thought there'd be all kinds of offers," he says now, "but I guess I was pretty naive." He smiles. "Although most of the sons-of-bitches who never thought I'd get up off the floor were suddenly sweet and officious as hell, no one rushed forward with any offers. I soon discovered why—the networks were damned embarrassed by the trial's exposure of their shameful collaboration with Aware."

The networks, quite simply, had no use for a troublemaker, even one who happened to be a momentary hero. "You fall off the top of the heap," says Faulk, "and, well, you begin questioning your talents. Hell, a lot of 'em didn't even

Faulk accompanies Lena Horne to 1953 NAACP rally at Madison Square Garden.

know what I did anymore. I'd been out of the business for six years." He shakes his head. "Brother, it's such a damned painful thing to go through."

His unemployability was, as it happened, the least of his troubles. During his long court fight, Faulk had largely neglected his family—occasionally leaving his wife and three children for months at a time to devote himself to the case—and with the fight won, he discovered exactly how much he'd lost. His wife, it turned out, had for years been in love with another man. During the ensuing court fight, she succeeded not only in taking what little remained from the libel judgment after the lawyers' fees and debts had been subtracted but also, according to Faulk, in turning his children against him.

Hartnett testifying before HUAC about theatrical blacklisting in July 1956. The greatest danger of Red infiltration, he said, was among younger performers.

"It was," he admits, looking all of his 62 years, "the low ebb. I was in midlife. My family life had fallen apart. I had no job, nor any prospects in my field." Quite suddenly his face brightens. "But I'm gettin' a mite melodramatic, ain't I?"

Melodrama is not John Henry Faulk's strong suit. He is a man of apparently endless resiliency, raucously hearty even in the most placid of situations. He will, at the slightest urging, launch into one of the hundreds of folk tales or comic routines that evidently bubble just below his surface consciousness. One recent evening, when he and his wife, Liz, had neighbors Peevine and Feenie Jeffries over for a dinner of homemade bread and frogs legs—hunted down by the host—John Henry was delighted to discover that Peevine, a sun-baked carpenter with a gentle disposition and hands like catchers' mitts, shared his enthusiasm for epic ballads of the Alaskan gold rush. That was enough for John Henry. Leaning forward on the dinner table, his voice rising and falling dramatically and his eyes ablaze, he launched into "The Ballad of Dan McGrew": "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamuck Saloon/The kid who handles the music box was hitting a jag time tune/While back of the bar in a solo game sat dangerous Dan McGrew."

Peevine could restrain himself no longer. "And watching him was his light love," he interrupted, "the lady known as Lou."

So it went on for the next 20 verses, until dangerous Dan McGrew, done in by the feckless Lou, lay on the floor of the Malamuck Saloon with a bullet in his back. After that they moved on to the gruesome tale of Sam McGee, an unfortunate prospector in Alaska who, according to the story, ended his days as an ice cube.

When they were through, Faulk sat back in his chair and grinned. He was feeling so good that he chose to ignore Peevine's inflammatory needle, delivered with a sly smile and a wink: "I bet my boy George Wallace likes these ballads. He sure is a good fella."

Faulk doesn't pass up bait like that often. For him, politics are a matter of morality; the certainty that his politics are sound is what sustained him throughout the lean years—indeed, brought the lean years upon him—and he is deeply affronted by attitudes that strike him as anti-human. But he rarely lets the seriousness show. Faulk approaches even the most implacable of adversaries with a joviality that invariably leaves them sputtering in frustration. Before his trial, Nizer—a confirmed cold warrior—insisted that Faulk strike a virulently anti-communist stance on the witness stand. "He felt," as Faulk puts it, "that I should vomit every time I heard the word 'communist.'" Faulk, who has nothing at all against communists and certainly had no intention of turning on old friends, finally succeeded in disarming the lawyer by promising to tell the following story under oath: "There was this sweet li'l ol' cripple lady I knew in Texas, and one day I caught her reading *The Daily Worker*, just out of curiosity. Well, she had one of them old pot-bellied stoves, and just then it blew up and the house caught fire. Well, I started to push her out in her wheelchair, but I was so incensed that I thought better of it, and gave her a shove right into the inferno." After that, Nizer gave up.

Talking is, Faulk admits, the only thing he is certain he does well, so when he was still unable to get broadcast work after his trial, he found another way to get paid for it. "After making the fight and winning that enormous judgment," he says now, "I was portrayed in the press as *the man of principles and ideals.*" He smiles. "So, what the hell, I exploited it. I went around lecturing."

For years Faulk traveled around the country on the Knife and Fork Circuit, along with such professional anti-communists as Herbert (*I Led Three Lives*) Philbrick and anti-China lobbyist Walter Judd, speaking on his case. Though he grew accustomed to the grind, and discovered ways of working topical material into his presentation, it wasn't the work he longed to do. Nor did he entertain any illusions about his audiences, made up primarily of small-town professional men. "I was always introduced as this hero who fought blacklisting," he says. "Now they didn't know what blacklisting was." He laughs. "Obviously, I didn't mention to 'em that every one of 'em would've supported Aware and not me."

But lecturing at least paid the bills. In 12 years on the circuit, through last year, he grossed about $15,000 annually—less than a third of what he'd made while at CBS and something like one-twentieth of what he'd probably have made had he never been blacklisted, but enough to get by. "The fact is," says Faulk, "I don't need much. Aware operated on the threat of economic sanction if you didn't conform, and it usually worked. Charlie Collingwood was thinking of joining me in my suit, but he finally said to me, 'Johnny, I have this collection of pre-Columbian art in my library and I can't risk losing that.' Well, my attitude was, 'Go kiss my ass, I can go run a damned filling station.' Jesus, I'd need a Ph.D in starving to death to perish in this country." He shakes his head violently. "Uh uh. I just decided that a career in television and radio wasn't the end all and

the be all."

He rises slowly from his easy chair, picks up a straw cowboy hat from the table beside him and plops it on his head. "I gotta feed that new calf," he says, moving across the living room toward the back door. "Poor dumb thing was taken from his momma too young and won't eat." He steps out into the yard and a horde of chicks and ducks scatters noisily. He sits down on the stoop and pulls on a pair of rubber boots. "It ain't gonna be easy to keep the thing alive."

In the pen across the yard, the calf looks to be in sorry shape indeed. Faulk approaches it with a pail full of high-protein solution and places a soothing hand on its bony, shivering side. "Poor ol' thing," he mutters. Suddenly, he swings an arm around the animal's neck, pulls its head back and forces some white liquid into its open mouth. But the calf, wild-eyed with fear, refuses to swallow and the solution dribbles to the ground. Faulk tries again. The calf makes a gagging noise and more liquid dribbles from its mouth. The third time, a bit of the stuff stays down, and after five minutes the animal has been persuaded to take an occasional gulp. Faulk relaxes his grip.

"I ain't saying I wasn't still interested in radio work," he says, abruptly picking up the thread of the conversation he'd dropped. "I was. It's just that it was a real bad situation. I had all these friends in New York whom I felt I was imposing on when I went to see 'em. Hell, I felt my own worth and talent oughta justify it or we oughta forget it. So finally, in 1968, we just decided to leave New York. I wasn't doing much there anyway. And it really ain't much of a place to raise a kid."

Faulk's son by his second marriage, Johan, is now 6 years old, and he is as familiar with skunks and snakes as Faulk's first set of children was with the wildlife of upper Broadway. Faulk initially feared that his wife, Liz, British-born and unrural to the core, would have trouble adjusting to Texas, but she too has come to love the place. "Here I'm the celebrity," she says. "From shopping. No one in town knows who he is."

"Yeah," says Faulk, kneeling now beside a hollow tree stump next to the chicken coop. "I'm glad we got out of New York. When I'm not out on the road, I just love to putter around this place." He peers into the hollow. Huddled deep inside are a dozen ducklings. "Can't leave these here," explains Faulk. "A raccoon'll get 'em." He reaches inside the stump, feels around and plucks out a handful of screeching yellow fluff. He strokes it with his index finger and carries it into the coop. "That 24-hour grind thing in New York," he continues a moment later, back beside the stump, "that going after success full-tilt, it really does something to you. I know it's a damned cliche, but it's true. I was as vain as a turkey gobbler myself—went out to all the big openings and all that shit." He sticks his arm back into the hollow, searches and this time emerges with a pair of ducklings, both crying and churning their legs wildly. Faulk remains kneeling there for a moment, paying them no mind. "But I'll tell you, it does something a lot worse that that. Look what it did to all those poor bastards up at CBS. It turned 'em into a bunch of whores."

The office of the CBS executive is pretty standard; three TV consoles, silently tuned to CBS, NBC and ABC, sit facing the desk; family photos sit upon the desk; an impressive collection of books sit behind the desk. "You wanna know where I stood on the blacklist?" demands the executive, who's just finished telling how he was one of the few people who truly knew Murrow well enough to rightfully call him Ed. "You wanna know about the plague years?" He swings around in his chair and plucks a volume from his shelf—a mint copy of Faulk's 1963 book *Fear on Trial*, upon which the TV show will be based. "As soon as this thing came out," he says proudly, "I rushed out and bought a copy."

"They say the meat industry gets everything out of the pig except the squeal. Well, just look at what CBS has gotten out of Faulk"

And that's not all. It seems that once, when a blacklisted writer needed a confidential affidavit typed up for a Senate hearing, the executive—who worked at CBS throughout Faulk's ordeal and is now desperately afraid some clue to his identity might find its way into print—went into the office and typed it himself. "So don't ask me about the blacklist!" he says.

A telephone rings and the executive yells out to his secretary to hold his calls. "Actually," he resumes, "it wouldn't be fair to say that anyone at the network was responsible for the Faulk situation. I mean, CBS is so large and compartmentalized and this was a local radio thing. . . ." His voice trails off and he glances over at the CBS monitor, where Mike Douglas is noiselessly belting out a number.

The people who really kept the blacklist going," he continues after a moment, "were the right-wing TV columnists, the ones who kept making a fuss about certain performers getting on the air—people like Jack O'Brien and George Sokolsky and Ed Sull. . . ." He catches himself. "No, that isn't fair. Ed may have been a little confused politically, but he was a very decent human being. And I'm not just saying that because he happened to be with CBS."

During the silence that follows, the executive taps a pencil against the edge of his desk and stares down at his blotter. "All right," he says finally, "I suppose if one *has* to place blame, the natural one to get it would be Carl Ward, Faulk's immediate superior. I hate to say that because Carl Ward is a nice man." He thinks about that for a second and apparently decides it isn't so hard to say after all. "But then again," he adds, "so was Robespierre."

The grim counterpoint to the chronic buck-passing of some at CBS is the campaign of self-justification that continues to be waged by others. For them, the CBS line presented at the trial—that Faulk was fired for reasons having nothing to do with the blacklist—is still gospel. "Faulk was a likable guy," says one, "but he was lazy. Before the Aware thing ever came up, it had been decided to let him go." Another is more succinct. "He's just lucky he had a good lawyer," he says.

That is no longer the party line, of course. "When we took this thing on," says Steve Mills, the first CBS executive to touch the project and, like everyone else involved with it, a post-blacklist employee of the network, "we told David Rintels to use just one thing as his guide—the truth."

And that, by and large, is what Rintels delivered. The show opens with a long shot of the old CBS headquarters on Madison Avenue, and the network's complicity in the blacklist is made crystal clear from the outset. The trial section of the script, some of it taken verbatim from the transcript of the case, is particularly powerful.

But there has been one notable alteration of the facts; the names of both Sam Slate and Carl Ward, the CBS men who testified for the defense, have been changed.

The reason might be, as everyone at the network asserts, humanitarian. Slate, who is no longer with CBS, refuses to comment on whether or not he'd have

objected to being a character on the show. But Ward, now a network vice-president, claims complete indifference to what the show says or how it goes about saying it. "They sent the script to me," he says, "and it lay on my desk for ten days. I couldn't find the time to read it."

What is clear is that others even more involved as characters had absolutely no say in how they were depicted. Blacklister Hartnett, a defendant in the case now living in obscurity in Westchester, hints darkly that he is considering legal action against the network. "I have severe objections to being portrayed," he says. "Obviously!" Thomas Bolan, Hartnett's lawyer in the case and also a prominent character in the show, is more tactful but just as emphatic. "I would," he says simply, "very much like to have been consulted."

There was no way that was about to happen, of course. Now that blacklisters have been universally pegged as bad guys, CBS has exactly as much use for them as they had for John Henry Faulk 20 years ago. Even some people at CBS realize that. "The fact that the network is doing the Faulk show," says one old CBS hand disgustedly, "is a bad joke. They say the meat industry gets everything out of the pig except the squeal. Well, just look what CBS has gotten out of Faulk." He smiles bitterly. "And this time they're even cannibalizing themselves in the bargain." He stubs out a cigarette. "But, of course, that's the name of the game. Anything that's commercial will get on the air. Right now it just happens that heroism and idealism will make a profit."

Fifteen hundred miles away, driving home to Madisonville from Dallas, where he's spoken at a March of Dimes luncheon, John Henry Faulk falls to reminiscing abut the days in postwar New York when he hung around with Woody Guthrie. "Ooh-eee," he shrieks, "ol' Woody could be one cantankerous sonofabitch. He'd carry around this old guitar with the words 'THIS MACHINE KILLS FASCISTS' on the back, and twice a week, like clockwork, he'd get into the same argument with these little old Jewish waiters at this restaurant in the Village. He'd refuse to tip 'em—said it was decadent capitalism—and told 'em to go out and form themselves a union!"

Faulk laughs so hard at the memory that he doesn't notice an old black hitchhiker, a stooped figure in faded coveralls on the highway shoulder, until he is almost upon him. He whizzes by. "Damn," he mutters, "I shoulda stopped for that poor fella." He glances in the rear-view mirror. "Well," he consoles himself, "a lot of blacks travel this road."

He falls silent. The rolling pastureland alongside Route 45, the richest grazing land in the country, speeds by. "Yep," continues John Henry, "there were great times in the Forties, and some damn good friends, too. 'Course, the blacklist thing ruined all of that. Even after I won the case, some people felt so guilty about the way they'd behaved that they couldn't act natural around me anymore. Like Abe Burrows. He'd talked, named names, and every time he'd see me in a restaurant or somewhere he'd wring my hand and blink his eyes frantically. I always felt a little unclean around him. I'd feel like puttin' my arm around him and sayin', 'Jesus Christ, don't feel so bad.' And *he* was the one who was working."

Irony comes easily to Faulk. For almost 20 years now he has been made to pay a penalty for having done the right thing, and he has had to learn to laugh at his predicament. But at odd moments it becomes clear, too, that the questions about what might have been continue to gnaw at him. "I think," he is saying now, "I could've built myself into a pretty secure niche. I think I would've had a show of my own, a variety type thing, and I'd probably be pretty well-fixed. Probably have me a place up in the Berkshires and all that crap. I was a pretty agreeable personality.

"You know," he adds tentatively, "I'm hopin' that maybe this *Fear on Trial* show will set me back to a position where I won't be such a strange name to people—where I can work without any further hindrance." And, with mounting enthusiasm, he begins ticking off all the things he's waited so long to do. "Well, I have this one-man theater thing I've worked up where I do all my characters from Prairie Orchard. I did it last year in a little place in Austin and it went over real fine. And I wouldn't mind doin' some political commentary. And I'd like to do an album 'cause, see, I've got such a vast amount of material I could do five hundred of 'em. And"—he smiles—"I'd just love to do some network television." The smile grows wider. "Lord, yes, I would enjoy that."

A week later, up at CBS in New York, a network PR guy hears of Faulk's hopes. He sympathizes with Faulk, this PR guy, but he's in a hurry. And anyway, the network does not have an official policy on Faulk's future. "Well," he says, shaking his head slowly as he moves toward the door, "who's gonna tell a 62-year-old man you can't do it, times have changed?" ●

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Movies

Nashville redux

By Nik Cohn

I realize that I am months too late, that *Nashville* has already been written into the ground, many times over. Enough is enough, no question. Yet the seasonal doldrums drag on interminably, none of the new films is even remotely worth wasting space on. And *Nashville* has nagged at me all summer. So, with apologies, I'd like to give it one last look.

It took me three months to set the film in perspective. Ever since I first saw it, I had been struggling to assemble my responses, without success. Then recently, I was down in Nashville itself, in a bar without windows, when a fat drunk pinned me up against a wall: "Robert Altman? He's the type who just passes through," he said, and he stumbled off to be sick.

Drunk or not, he was precisely right. *Nashville*, at root, is the work of a quintessential tourist—an Instamatic snapshot, flashy and glib. And that, after all, is what Altman has always been best at. In film after film, from *M.A.S.H.* onwards, he has made skimmed surfaces into his own special trademark.

He has considerable gifts, both technical and imaginative; but they are essentially the gifts of a top-grade ad man, superficial, slick, and each of his movies adheres to the same predictable pattern. He discovers a new world, becomes obsessed by it, sees in it a metaphor for the entire American condition. So he sets out to explore it, turn it into myth. And up to a certain level, he succeeds. He has a fine eye, an even finer ear. His films are filled with oddities, perceptions, sudden flashes. But that's as far as they go. They capture images, brilliant fronts; never quite plumb the quicksands that lie beneath. In that final moment of truth, when the real artist leaps into darkness, the unknown, Altman quits dead.

Up until *Nashville*, his basic formula was more or less constant. He saw his protagonists trapped; so he led them on a variety of escapes. Their reality—war, death, dead ends, the city, America, just being alive—was too horrendous to even think about. So they ran. To hold the nightmare at bay, they plunged themselves in fantasy, anarchy, an eternity of pranks: "They act like a bunch of overgrown schoolboys," huffed a friend of mine once, the first time we saw *M.A.S.H.*, back in the age of solemnity. Yes, came Altman's implicit answer, but if they didn't, they could not survive.

In *Nashville*, his virtuosity has been honed to its finest edge, a blinding sheen. He has created a conjuror's tour de force, a nonstop carnival of illusions, immaculately executed, marvelously acted. And that, I think, is largely why so many people have been so easily fooled. It is a work of such high gloss that its audience is literally dazzled, and cannot see beyond the glitter, where all is hollowness and waste.

Structurally, the film marks a major departure. Compared to Altman's earlier films, the canvas is immediately much larger, the focus wider, the intention infinitely more grandiose. In the past, the essential seriousness of his work has always been carefully camouflaged, obscured by an onslaught of jinks and japes. But here all masks are abandoned, and at last he steps forth from his closet, the visionary revealed. No more romps, no madcap fooleries—this time around, he gives us the full dose, his very best shot at American myth, chapter, verse and apocalypse.

Nothing wrong with that; far from it. If we must be fed on allegories, and I suppose that we must, Nashville is the very best place to set them. No other city, not even Las Vegas, embodies a greater range of all-American fantasies, both good and bad, and nowhere could possibly make for better theater.

In recent months, I have come to know the place well, and the more time I spend there, the more deeply I am hooked. True, at one level, it is an absolute circus of horrors, an inferno of pet-

Barbara Harris vamps during her singing debut in *Nashville*, undaunted by the auto race drowning out her voice.

tyness and greed, jealousy, fraud and all human folly. And, yet, in the same breath, it is also possessed of so much strangeness, such a sense of twisted innocence, that, after a time, everywhere else seems soiled, second-hand by comparison.

The key to this paradox lies, I think, in the nature of country music itself, and in its most classic saga. In this, a young boy dreams of becoming a singer, leaves his farm in the mountains, comes to music city, strikes gold. He becomes a star and lives in a fluorescent mansion. He covers himself in sequins, buys half a dozen Cadillacs, lounges by a guitar-shaped pool. The multitudes flock to worship at his feet, and he lets them kiss his hand. He is a king, a demigod. But even so, in all his magnificence, he does not desert his roots. They created him in the first place, and if he ever loses touch with them, he knows that his magic will desert him. Commercially, spiritually, in every way, his present depends on his past. So he hangs forever between two worlds. He lives like a pasha, sings like a bum. His feet never touch the bare earth. Yet when he fills his music with honky-tonks, childhood Bibles, failed crops, dying orphans, he still means every word. America, God and the family, true love blessed, false love crushed—that vision is his talisman. Without it, he is dust.

Nashville expresses both worlds equally. It is a temple to hypocrisy, exploitation, cant. But, lurking underneath its monstrosities, there is always that bedrock of need, of gut-born affirmation. And it is that tension, that continual tug of war, that makes the best of its music overpowering, its greatest heroes gods.

In all of this, groping for an archetype, I think of Dolly Parton, the Tennessee mountain girl turned neon goddess. Physically, she is a grotesque, the most inconceivable caricature of the dumb blonde, complete with strawberry wig, eyelashes like windscreen wipers and science-fiction bosoms; and she never stops grinning for a moment, as though she were some walkie-talkie doll, frozen forever in a simper. But then her songs—filled with childhood, first love, lost innocence—emerge and they are so pure, so agonizingly vivid, that you can't believe them, that they came from the same being. When she sings, she cuts you in pieces, breaks you just like that, in the space of one note, a single flap of her eyelashes. So yes, she is a joke. And she is magnificent.

Altman catches the first part perfectly, and misses the second entirely. Breezing into town, day-tripper on a spree, he sees the obvious, nothing more, and out of that he contrives a most entertaining movie. Keen-eyed and sassy as he is, he zeroes straight in upon the grotesques, the fakes, the morons, and slaughters them without mercy. Music City, so-called, goes up like a Roman candle, and there is no question that the blaze is colorful, loud, intense.

So far so fine. The target is wide open, after all, and Altman makes the best of it. Country in its idiocy could scarcely have been rendered better. But of its other face, that mysterious underbelly, with all its buried passion and beauty, there is no trace.

That is predictable. Much of the film's success, its critical and fashionable cachet, I feel, derives from the fact that it panders so perfectly to current prejudice. Now that blacks are sacrosanct, rednecks and hillbillies are the only real butts that hip Northern Pepsis have left. Niggers of the Seventies, they can be parodied, mocked in absolute chic safety. So Altman twitches them like mannequins, most abject dummies. To some extent, this profiteering is disguised. Shrewd salesman that he is, Altman cloaks his contempt in the trappings of sympathy, concern, understanding. Just like Hollywood coons in the Thirties, his characters are permitted sorrows, a certain mute pathos. But that is their limit: He gives them no brains, and not the remotest talent.

This is a vision that calls for much straining. But since his public has come to snigger anyhow, Altman can cheat with impunity. Thus, in a typical manipulation, he brings on Karen Black to ape Dolly Parton: her physical image, the blonde wig and the simper. But, of course, he leaves out the voice, the spirit. Instead of those heart-stopping Tennessee laments, we are given songs like paper tissues, churned out on a factory line. Things are simpler that way.

The music, in fact, betrays the whole game. Much of genuine country music, just like any other form of pop, is indeed a joke, a mess of cliche and tripe. But the best of it, people such as Willie Nelson and Merle Haggard, Dolly, Gary Stewart, Lefty Frizzell, is a marvel; and not even the worst is quite as abysmal as the pap enshrined in *Nashville.* Most of the performers, most of the time, sing at least two tones out of true, while the melodies and lyrics are caricatures so crude as almost to defy belief. Bizarrely, when Gwen Welles appears, and we are told, with many snickers, that she can't sing, she sounds roughly par for the course, not much worse or more embarrassing than Henry Gibson, who is meant to be a superstar.

Again, to most of Nashville's audience, that probably doesn't matter. They don't know the difference and neither, presumably, does Altman. After all, he is only dealing with hillbillies, silent-majority buffoons who did not hate Nixon and understand nothing. Why waste his time on getting them right, therefore, when parody is easier, so much more fun?

That kind of condescension is everywhere. The characters could almost have been selected by computer, they stick so close to stock. No laugh is too cheap, no stereotype too clumsy. And, though flashy cutting creates an illusion of spontaneity, of scenes thrown together at random, just as in nature, the basic story line comes straight out of *Plots You Can Always Fall Back On, Volume Five.*

One example, a characteristic cut-price option: There are moments when Barbara Jean, the film's doomed heroine, seems to reach a bit deeper than the rest of the charade. Superbly played by Ronee Blakley, who can also almost sing, there is real pain in her, a sense of genuine conflict. But then one remembers that she is based on Loretta Lynn, and, once again, one sees how Altman twists, reduces everything to format. For the actual Loretta is all of Barbara Jean, and worlds more besides. True, she survives at the ultimate stretch of her nerves, and she has breakdowns, get bullied by her husband/manager, has been known to fall apart on stage. That much is fact. But she is no helpless victim, not this forlorn twitching wreck. On the contrary, the more her traumas, the bigger she becomes. Whatever her problems, when you meet her, she seems as strong as pork and beans—salty, warm, pure fire and country soul. A woman like her would chew up a Barbara Jean for breakfast, spit her out as razor blades. But that would not be convenient. In *Nashville,* women exist only to be humiliated, crushed.

When it comes to sex, indeed, Altman is most Teutonic, awash in the sentimentality of sadism. First, his females must be ripped to shreds. Only then can they have real meaning, as they lie bleeding, destroyed, and we weep over their bones: "I guess he couldn't afford a real star," Loretta

Lynn is quoted as saying, and how right she is, in the widest possible sense.

Such a catalogue of evasions. The full list would be interminable, and extremely boring. But always the basic pattern is the same. The moment that Altman finds himself the slightest touch out of his depth, adrift from his preconceptions, he turns tail in panic, heads pell-mell back for shore.

In his defense, it will be said that the film is not really about Nashville at all, that the town is simply his metaphor. We are dealing with a post-Kennedy American nightmare, and the characters are only meant as demonstrations, symbols of a condition. All perfectly true; but irrelevant. Whatever one's intentions, whatever meanings one is striving for, certain rules remain. Films, like any other art, need not be real; but if they are worth a lick, they will try in some sense to be true. Cheating kills. Or, to put it another way, you don't build a Parthenon out of Lego bricks. Distort your basic materials, as Altman does in *Nashville*, and you destroy the entire edifice.

So it ends. In Nashville, he was blessed with the most marvelous natural canvas, as rich as any filmmaker could possibly desire. But when it came to the clutch, the prospect overwhelmed him, he lost his nerve. Flabby, self-satisfied, just like so many of his admirers, he settled for cozy half-truth, put together by numbers. So, finally, *Nashville* is no true vision of America; just a tripper's picture postcard.

Books

Connoisseurs of bad news

By Ward Just

The First Casualty, *by Phillip Knightley.* Harcourt Brace Jovanovich (465 pp., $12.95).

It would be a mistake to say that I went to South Vietnam looking to get shot. However, for a man with two young children to volunteer to cover a war, there is something definitely odd about that. In order to justify one's presence in a theater of an absurd war, one was obliged to run risks; the personal risk justified the leaving of two young children. Ten years later I am having some difficulty following this reasoning, but I am reporting it as I remember it. It was entirely clear that Vietnam was not Spain or World War II; that is to say, not a moral or political crusade. But 1966 was not 1936, either. One moved with whatever zeitgeist was at hand. In 1966, the action was in South Vietnam. So one left the two young children and went to the war zone, and ran risks.

As it happened, I managed to get wounded and I am now trying to select from the numerous melodramatic episodes surrounding that event, to give the reader an understanding of the loony truth of Michael Herr's remark that Vietnam was what we had instead of happy childhoods. I will spare the reader the suspenseful details of marching through the jungle on a long-range patrol. I was hit by a grenade during a firefight, evacuated by night to a makeshift field hospital, then transferred after a few days to the air-conditioned intensive care unit of the Army hospital at Nha Trang. The Grall Hospital, a private clinic run by the French, agreed to my admission, and I was flown in a hospital plane from Nha Trang to Saigon. We were in stretchers suspended from the fuselage, perhaps 30 or 40 wounded. We landed at night and taxied to the evacuation terminal at Tan Son Nhut. The rear door of the C-130 was lowered, and we were slowly taken out of the aircraft. Two soldiers carefully lifted me down and stood for a moment on the tarmac, getting a better grip on the stretcher. I heard a voice say, "I see him, there he is." I craned my neck and saw a girl I knew; she had been waiting for the plane. With her was a mutual friend from the American embassy. He stood awkwardly to one side while she came over and gently put her hand on my chest. She said I looked fine, I said she looked better than fine; she grinned, I grinned. Just then I shifted my eyes and saw a soldier watching us. He was watching from his own stretcher. Me, the girl. His bandaged head shook slightly and he offered us both a slow smile. He murmured, "Jesus Christ." What was she doing at Tan Son Nhut airport, this girl in a miniskirt? Perhaps he thought I was a major general or the brother of Henry Cabot Lodge. Of course he couldn't know that my status was a good deal higher than that. I was a wounded war correspondent.

The three of us, the girl, the diplomat and me on the stretcher, headed for the depot and an ambulance that would take me to a private room at the Grall. In the room was a bottle of wine, chilling. Messages from friends, congratulations from colleagues, a harrowing tale dug deep in my memory—and scars galore, I was a casualty of war. Visible wounds, *none of them serious!*

And I had been mentioned in dispatches.

This gibberish is written by way of prelude to a consideration of Phillip Knightley's book about war correspondents, *The First Casualty* ("the first casualty when war comes is truth"). It's a history of the trade from the Crimea to Vietnam, and anyone who has gotten this far with me must read Knightley. It's a good book, well-written and reasonably well-researched—although his standards and expectations seem to me a bit lofty. However, the chapters on Abyssinia and Spain alone are worth the price of admission. It seems that Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* (still the truest book about journalism) was thinly veiled reportage, and Ernest Hemingway was a terrible war correspondent. I agree completely with Knightley on Hemingway; I've read some of the pieces from Spain and they're embarrassingly self-conscious (though what he was doing was squirreling away the best material for *For Whom The Bell Tolls*). *The First Casualty* is mainly a study of how war correspondence affected public attitudes, and an examination of the always complex relationship between the correspondent and his homeland. Why aren't the scoundrels more patriotic? As Dean Rusk put it after the Tet offensive in 1968: "There gets to be a point where the question is, Whose side are you on? Now I'm the Secretary of State of the United States and I'm on our side."

This is not, I'm afraid, going to be a model book review because I'm not going to write much about Knightley's book. This is a sort of addendum to *The First Casualty*. Possibly because he's never been a war correspondent

Ward Just is a former war correspondent for Newsweek *and the* Washington Post. *His latest novel,* Nicholson at Large, *was published September 11.*

himself, there's very little feel for the milieu, and scant appreciation for the difficulties of the trade. These are very real, and in a way danger is the least of it. (Though sometimes it is not the least of it. Witness Sydney H. Schanberg's account of the fall of Phnom Penh; it was an heroic dispatch in every way.)But one cannot separate the correspondents from the milieu. Take Gatsby out of the mansion in West Egg, eliminate the green light at the end of Daisy

Hemingway as war correspondent: He saved his best material for his novels.

Buchanan's dock, and you're left with the story of a spoiled parvenu from Minnesota. I believe the details of a war correspondent's life—the thick passport, the international air travel card, the expense account, the black address book arranged by countries and cities within countries, the improbable friendships—confirm the essential truth of Nora Ephron's assessment, as quoted in *The First Casualty:* "It is impossible to realize how much of Ernest Hemingway still lives in the hearts of men until you spend time with the professional war correspondents. . . . Working as a war correspondent is almost the only classic male endeavor left that provides physical danger and personal risk without public disapproval and the awful truth is that for the correspondents, war is not hell. It is fun." I guess I'd suggest that the awful truth is a lot more complicated and a little more awful, but that's another story. Ephron's essentially right. And if you don't think she's right, consider the 23-line biography that appears on the back of Saul Bellow's latest novel, *Humboldt's Gift.* Three of those lines are devoted to the information that Bellow, perhaps our most distinguished writer, served "as a war correspondent for Newsday during the 1967 Arab-Israeli conflict."

It works like this. Gunfire is heard in the hills around Kyrenia. Within hours they begin to arrive, from London, Paris, Tel Aviv, Rome, Beirut. A dozen years ago everyone stayed at the Ledra Palace in Nicosia, primarily because of a talented concierge named Savas, who always seemed to know when and where the next firefight would erupt. One hurried into the lobby, carrying a suitcase, an Olivetti and that day's edition of the *International Herald-Tribune.* Who's here? Well, Tuohy arrived yesterday and is presently with Young in Ktima. Brelis is due tomorrow. Randal, Wise and Wilde have heard a rumor of massacre at Gazivaran and have gone to investigate. At 5:00, of course, everyone will convene in the bar. One proceeds to one's room, moving with a light step, in high gear, down the dark hallway. Then one pauses, smiling. Faintly, from behind closed doors, one hears the muffled thump of a typewriter. One knocks and hears a shouted command to enter, "and leave it on the table." It's a familiar voice: Borchgrave, evidently expecting the barman. In five minutes, one has a complete fill. Borchgrave has been to see Archbishop Makarios' ADC and the ADC's ADC. He had breakfast with the British ambassador and lunch with the CIA station chief, and in an hour is due to see Nikos Sampson. An interview with His Beatitude himself is being arranged. Maps litter the room. . . .

"Savas thinks it's wise not to get too far from the hotel tonight."

"Well, we'd all planned to have dinner at the Harbour Club."

"We can ask him again—"

Borchgrave considers. Savas the concierge is often described as the night managing editor. "What the hell. We'll wait and see."

I say, "Exactly."

He asks, "You filing tonight?"

I say, "Damn right," and move on down the hall to my room. Three telephone calls and Borchgrave's fill gives me what's known as an on-scener. At 6:00 I am finished and at 7:00 I am in the bar with the rest of them. Ktima was quiet and there was no massacre at Gazivaran, although everyone agreed that the atmosphere is "tense" and "ominous." In the event, we do not go to the Harbour Club. We remain in the hotel, and although there is no violence that night, we know that if we wait it will come again. Tomorrow, the next day, the day after, or the day after that.

But as Gatsby is something more than an arriviste from the Midwest, so are war correspondents more than thrill-seeking, grey-haired adolescents. It requires a certain temperament to do it, and keep on doing it. The late Vincent Sheean, a brilliant reporter whose best work was done in the 1930s, called them "professional observers at the peep show of misery." I would call them connoisseurs of bad news, and I think both descriptions are accurate. But it is impossible to understand or appreciate the lure of violence without understanding the noisy milieu of the offhours: the airplane flights, the hotel rooms, the late nights, the friendships. War correspondents possess a jollity missing in any other branch of the business; it's worth noting in this connection that all but a few of the professionals left Vietnam well before the end. I am speaking now only of the professionals, who almost without exception are men well past their thirtieth birthdays. A few, not many, reach back to the Korean War. Most of the current breed began in the various African wars or Algeria almost two decades ago, proceeded through Cyprus and Indochina, Bangladesh, the Middle East in 1967 and 1973 and always back to Africa. A few days ago I received a letter from an old friend, a newspaperman based in Rome, who had been in the U.S. on home leave. He wrote: "I was hoping to fly up to see you, but on Saturday they asked me in Washington if I could get to Bangladesh. So being my usual accommodating self, I agreed. I flew to N.Y. on Sunday, thence to Rome, overnighting and changing into my (Saigon) safari number and then off to Bangkok where I arrived this morning. I appear to have the good luck to have made it

just in time for the first flight into Dacca since the coup d'etat, on which I am presently booked as I write this at the airport. I seem to be the paper's Oriental Fireman these days since we are shorthanded in this part of the world. . . ."

The key to that passage is, "I appear to have the good luck. . . ." First the qualifier "appear," because everyone knows that a flight to Dacca can be cancelled on five minutes' notice; second, "the good luck." The good luck to be flying into a coup d'etat—which is of course the reason he flew halfway around the world in the first place. This man is a bon vivant of the first order, but also a highly sensitive and knowledgeable correspondent wherever you put him. He could cover a war, the World Series, a national political convention or an automobile accident with equal facility. He has had many offers to come "home." But he doesn't, and I suspect the reasons why are more complicated than the obvious attractions of Rome or the other European capitals. Perhaps he's a man comfortable with disorder, in repose only while moving. Viewed from this angle, impermanence is security. And without a doubt adrenaline is an addictive drug.

Of course they wear down, eyes tired and senses dulled. There's nothing new or unique about burning villages or starving children, and perhaps it is best that the professionals report these scenes. Perhaps part of the horror of it resides in its routine quality: business as usual. It is a good question whether horror is best described with cold precision or passionate impression. That is, of course, quite apart from the effect on the observer. I remember departing from Saigon in 1967, sickened by the war but still finding *my life* in the town interesting and even somewhat . . . jaunty. I returned for a brief tour in 1968 and found nothing but lunacy and corruption, and while I insisted that the city had changed, friends said that it was I who had changed. Saigon was always like that, they said. But I'd needed the perspective of a year in the United States to see it correctly.

Phillip Knightley has an extraordinary example of the professional at work. He reprints a dispatch of Archibald Forbes, a well-known British war correspondent of the "golden age" of war reporting (1865-1914). It was a description of a battle during the Zulu War in 1879; a column of British troops had been wiped out. Knightley: "The newcomer to such a scene of horror might blunder inarticulately in passionate identification and emotional involvement. Forbes does not; he orders his material cold-bloodedly, moving at a steady pace to the climax . . . then cushioning the reader with a touch of homely sentiment of a perfectly judged anticlimax." Then follows Forbes' piece, which is indeed a remarkable effort, indisputably the work of a professional. Knightley shrewdly concludes: "A clever piece of reporting; yet it has the cold touch of a professional who has been too long familiar with scenes that would arouse in most men a lifetime's horror. Did Forbes realize this? Whether he did so or not, it was the last war piece he wrote. He died in London in 1900, raving in his final delirium about the battlefield. 'Those guns, man, those guns, don't you hear those guns?' "

More than a touch of melodrama there, too. But the point is not to "blunder inarticulately," but to arrange the material, to drive it with every ounce of imagination and craft one possesses.

But I believe that worn-out or not, there are limits. Television gets a part of the story, though not the worst parts; the writing press gets more, but in the end they're both only rough drafts. A French inmate of Buchenwald, a former Havas reporter, told Edward R. Murrow: "To write about this you must have been there at least two years, and after that . . . you don't want to write anymore."

Television

Stylish nostalgia for the vital Twenties

By Stephen West

Beacon Hill. CBS (Tuesdays 10-11 p.m. EDT).

Thanks to one of the most skillfully orchestrated publicity campaigns in the history of the television industry, you must already know quite a bit about *Beacon Hill,* CBS' American version of the BBC-PBS dramatic series *Upstairs, Downstairs.* And so you should, for *Beacon Hill* is the most intelligent and stylish new program in an otherwise rather ordinary commercial season. If the regular one-hour weekly episodes of *Beacon Hill* can attract anywhere near the audience of its two-hour introductory pilot shown last August 25—which drew over 40 percent of the three-network audience, a spectacular share—then *Beacon Hill* just might be the first of a new wave of live-on-tape dramatic

Nancy Marchand and Stephen Elliot as Mary and Benjamin Lassiter in *Beacon Hill.*

shows that could change the character of "serious" programming as radically as *All in the Family* (another American version of an English show) transformed the situation comedy.

For all sorts of reasons, I hope this turns out to be the case, but it's far from a sure thing. *Beacon Hill* is stacked up against that indestructible old warhorse from ABC, *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, and against a promising new spinoff from NBC's fine *Police Story* series, a show called *Joe Forrester*, starring Lloyd Bridges as a street-smart cop who has chosen to stay on the beat rather than take a cushy (and boring) desk job. So, *Beacon Hill* clearly has its work cut out for itself; only time and A.C. Nielsen will tell.

Nonetheless, I'm optimistic about the future of *Beacon Hill*, because the range and depth of theatrical talent among its cast and crew is truly impressive, and because the social, political and personal issues with which the series can deal have a cultural resonance for America in 1975.

The basic structure of *Beacon Hill* is virtually identical to *Upstairs, Downstairs:* the adventures and misadventures of a large, rich and politically powerful family and their household servants in the 1920s. Thus, Richard Bellamy, Anglican Member of Parliament and husband to a woman of the aristocracy, becomes Benjamin Lassiter, Irish Catholic heir to a New England industrial fortune and behind-the-scenes leader of the Boston Democratic machine. In the same way that the waning fortunes (and courage) of the small, discreet and impeccably genteel Bellamy family reflect the future of the British nation as a whole, the upward strivings of the larger, richer, less socially secure Lassiter family reflect the optimism, the willingness to take risks, the vitality and folly of American culture in the 1920s.

Accurately enough, some critics have complained that a family such as the Lassiters would never actually live on Beacon Hill; that they wouldn't be involved in such a vast assortment of illicit sexual liaisons as implied in the pilot and first few episodes (especially those affairs between servant and served); that Benjamin Lassiter would never have allowed one of his daughters to marry a WASP such as Richard Palmer. But these minor inconsistencies don't bother me at all. *Beacon Hill* is, after all, a piece of fiction, and the visual texture created by the superb costumes and sets, the care taken by the writers in, say, the use of 1920s slang, or the frequent links between family matters and larger social developments (such as the party celebrating and/or mourning the start of Prohibition in the pilot) all combine to give the series plenty of historical believability.

The "poetic license" in the depiction of the Lassiter family (as the producers like to refer to these minor historical inconsistencies) has been taken for very good reason, because it allows the show to deal with several different social realities at the same time. *Beacon Hill* draws not only on the popular mythology of aristocrat-servant relationships created by *Upstairs, Downstairs* but on two other, equally powerful (and totally American) mythologies: the wild and glamorous world of the 1920s evoked by the fiction of Scott Fitzgerald, and the ambitious, nuts-and-bolts world of Boston politics, symbolized by names like James Michael Curley, John F. ("Honey Fitz") Fitzgerald and Joseph P. Kennedy.

To my mind, this is an unbeatable combination. From a strictly cynical point of view, *Beacon Hill* is in a position to exploit the nostalgia boom more successfully than any other show on the air. But there's more to it than that. The producers have assembled a first-rate cast of some 20 regulars, trained in legitimate theater rather than film, and have created a wide range of characters with believable human traits for these actors to play. In the first few episodes, the writing, directing, designing and other production values have also been first-rate. And for the first time in years, we have a commercial television program that is willing to acknowledge the fact that some people are rich and others are poor; that the powerful control the lives of the powerless; that this country was built by the willingness of vulgar, grasping, lower-class immigrants to work very hard (and often in not-very-respectable ways) to build for themselves a measure of respectability and security.

Whether *Beacon Hill* lives up to its promise remains, as they say, to be seen. But its debut is certainly encouraging. Two or three years from now we just might have several new dramatic series that are produced live-on-tape in New York with theatrically trained actors, and that speak intelligently and personally to an "upscale" audience about the most basic question Americans have always asked themselves: Who are we and how did we end up in this place?

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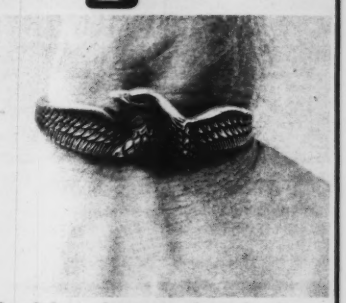

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How vinyl are our valleys

Final Tribute

By Mark Goodman

Grass-tyme is doon, my fodder is now forage. . . .

Geoffrey Chaucer
Canterbury Tales

God blew it when he gave us grass.

Dan Jenkins
Sports Illustrated

The specific inspiration for Chaucer's lyricism is obscure, but the direct object of Jenkins' wry cynicism is concrete. Well, almost. It is a mixture of chemicals known as Tartan Turf, first used in Knoxville on Sept. 14, 1968, for the Georgia-Tennessee game, and it more closely resembles a layer of poured concrete than God's green grass. What God hath wrought, the miracle of American manufacturing can wrought better. Tartan Turf begat AstroTurf, which begat Polyturf, which begat ModSod, and man, as represented by professional football and baseball club owners and college athletic directors, decreed that it was good.

And so for years we have witnessed the antic (but unfunny) spectacle of swift football players reduced to Dutch-comic pratfalls and batted balls leaping tall first basemen on a single bounce. Now for the *reductio ad absurdum:* Har-Tru, which is not a form of delicate Japanese poetry but yet another synthetic playing surface. It was laid down last year at the venerable West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills, N.Y. Since 1881, the most prestigious tennis in the U.S. has been played there on lush green grass. At this year's U.S. Open, however, fans were treated to tennis via Har-Tru, a mulch of ground rock the color of March rain. As one fan remarked, "It's like returning from a year's journey to find your best girl has shaved her head." All the hubbub left Jimmy Connors, the defending champion and No. 1 seed, unimpressed. "I can win on all surfaces," he said. "I've proved that."

It is with such statements that Connors has rendered himself something less than a cuddly and lovable figure, but on the day Connors had to eat those words he actually managed to arouse something akin to sympathy in the gallery. It takes nothing away from Manuel Orantes' inspired upset victory over Connors to note that the court took something away from Connors' powerhouse game and favored Orantes' pushes and lobs. "And the U.S. Open," sneered director Bill Talbert in mid-tourney, "shouldn't be a tournament for pushers."

Of course, very little tennis is played on real grass these days, but football is another matter. From Pop Warner leagues through high school, America's youth play on natural grass, then graduate to the artificial turf that has become, I'm afraid, a permanent polyethylene foundation of American sporting life. It was probably inevitable in a country that believes not in mountain greenery but in Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing; that has raised neatness and sanitation from mere matters of order and hygiene to idols of frenzied worship (witness our crazed TV housewives, scouring their walls and floors and ceilings and children to an obscene luster).

Artificial turf is thus a fitting expression of the peculiar American genius for making the earth over in its own image. It is clean, it is neat and (very important) it is uniform. You don't have to plant it, water it, nurture it. There will be no ragged patches, no grass stains on the players, no—Man forbid!—dirt on their uniforms for televised games. After all, how can you juxtapose mud-slathered jerseys with a Comet commercial? And the field will never offend. No matter how inclement the weather, it will remain a perfect carpet of green. Clean. Neat. Nice.

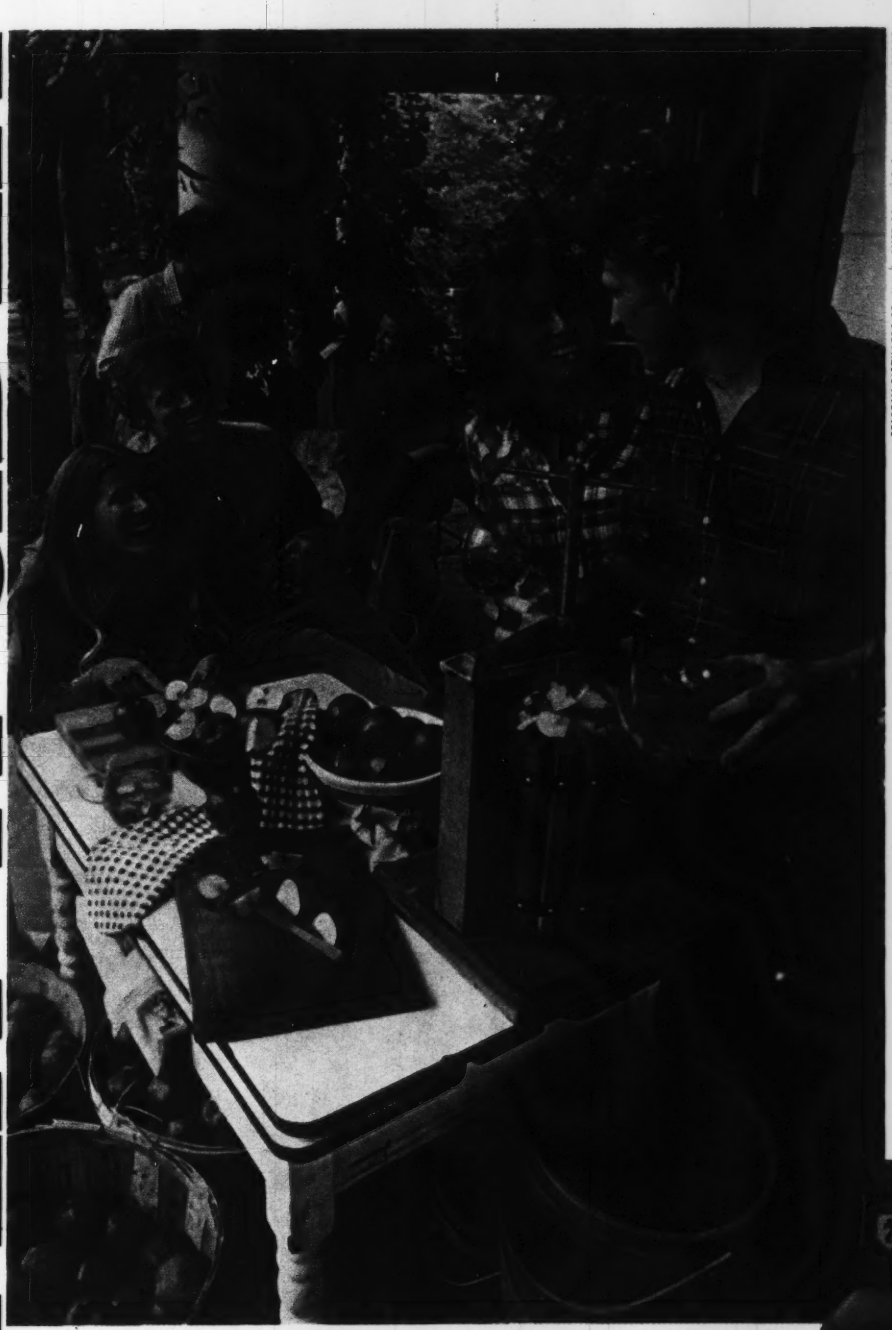
And dull. Dull as sparkling glasses unsullied by water spots and lunch counters ravished by those two remorseless plies of Bounty tissue and TV-commercial husbands scrubbed until they all look like Fred MacMurray.

Okay, a certain case can be made for the use of artificial turf in baseball, with its deadly 162-game schedule: the Cincinnati Reds have not had a game rained out since they opened their new stadium five years ago. But football, dammit, is a game where weather is *supposed* to be a factor; there's *supposed* to be mud and grass stain and blood and sweat and tears on those jerseys. They are red, green and brown badges of courage, and football players have ever worn them with a warrior's pride. Who's proud of the insidious strawberry burns and knee sprains caused by that idiot's field of plastic?

Not the players, who are almost unanimous in their contempt. Philadelphia slugger Richie Allen summarized their feelings with his famous line, "If a horse can't eat it, I don't want to play on it." But Steve Zabel, rugged linebacker of the New England Patriots, spoke also for the athletic aesthetic when he mused, "Grass smells better."

Yes, by God, it does.

SEVEN 'N CIDER



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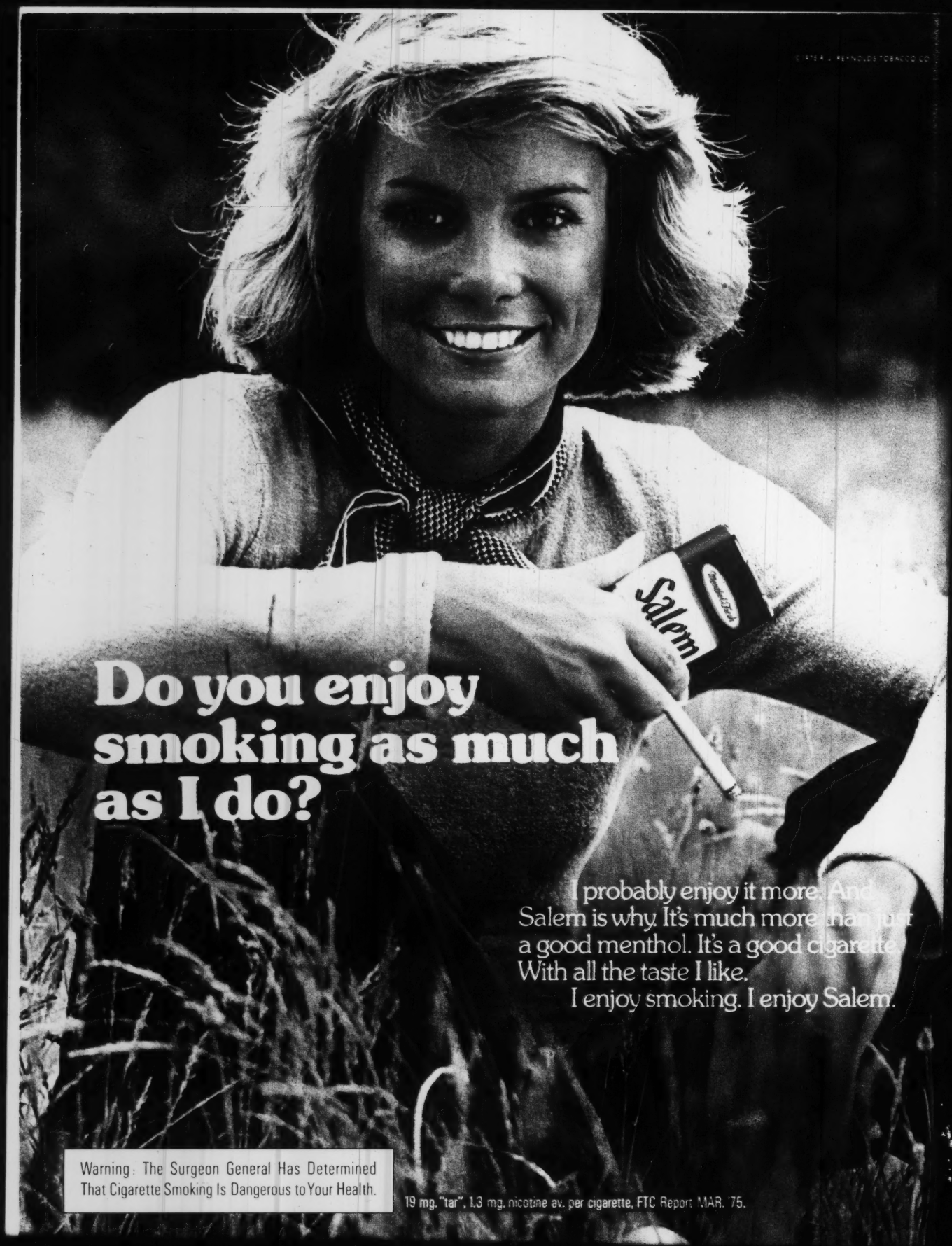
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